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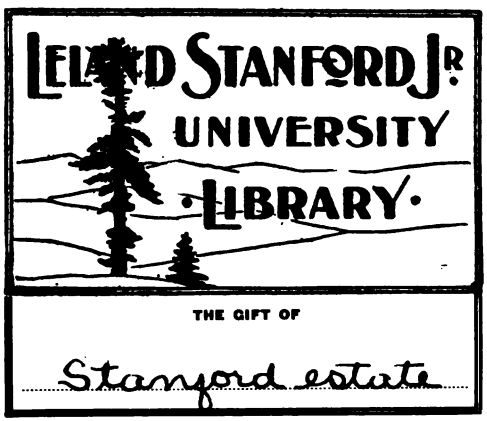

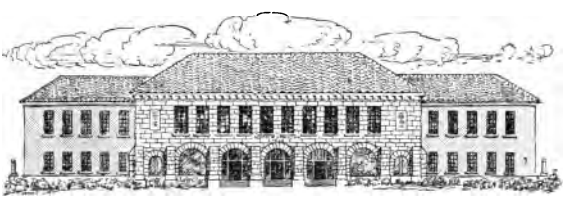

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NATIONAL

KINDERGARTEN MANUAL.

CONTAINING

PRACTICAL MODEL LESSONS, RULES AND LECTURES FOR THE KINDERARTEN AND THE NURSERY, STORIES, ETC.

BY

MRS. LOUISE POLLOCK,

Principal of Washington Normal Kindergarten Institute.

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1889

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INTRODUCTION.

My object in publishing the present volume is to disseminate, as much as in my power, a knowledge of the kindergarten philosophy among teachers as well as parents. The "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays" were intended to fill a certain want; and the little book has been well received. An additional number of the songs and plays so popular in our Washington Kindergartens, will be found in my new Song Book, "Cheerful Echoes from the National Kindergarten," which has just been published. At the request of my teachers and normal students, I have introduced a few practical lessons and stories, which illustrate the proverbs and verses taught during our conversational exercises, while biding the time when I shall publish a book composed entirely of stories for the kindergarten and nursery. To comply with the wishes of many mothers who have attended my lessons on the kindergarten in the nursery, I have also given my educational and hygienic rules, eight of which are given with each lecture to mothers, teachers, and nursery-maids. These are part of my teachers' training, and I hope that they may prove of as much value in the future as they have in the past. They are gathered from the highest educational and medical authorities in the country, and have all been tested by my own experience in bringing up my family of eight children. People may say, our children ought to be exemplary; but while they are far from perfect, I am quite sure they would not have grown up to be as good and useful citizens as they are, had they not enjoyed the kindergarten training, and the most careful hygienic treatment from earliest childhood to maturity. For the benefit of kindergarten training schools, I enumerate my course of Lectures on "The Kindergarten in the Nursery," which are really the foundation upon which the whole system is built, and a knowledge of which I consider indispensable to the proper qualification of the kindergarten teacher.

Louise Pollock.

FREDERICK FROEBEL.

To the Class of '87.

An honored name in every land,
His followers, a faithful band,
With noble aim and purpose true;
With spirit brave to dare and do.

He to the young gave every thought,
Suffering privation, and receiving nought
But love of those he gently led
And with God's bounty daily fed.

Great is the work so well began,
And left to us the perfect plan;
All honor be to him and they
Who educate the child through play.

What nobler work, what grander aim,
The infant mind to teach and train,—
Each instinct mould with tender care,
Make mind and body doubly fair!

The love of order, love of toil,
To plant within this virgin soil;
The law of love, the golden rule,
Is taught in Frederick Froebel's school.

Froebel was humble as a child,
His motives pure and free from guile,
His purpose lofty, good and true,—
A precious legacy he left to you.

Then let us walk where he has trod,
With armor strong, our faith in God.
We'll plant the seed, the increase *He* will give;
And we will honor Froebel while we live.

MRS. EMILY LAKE ELLIOT,
Graduate of the Washington Normal Kindergarten Institute.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A TRUE KINDERGARTEN.

Perhaps the best way in this case, as in most others, in stating what a thing should be, is to state what it ought not to be.

The kindergartner should not be a person who simply chose this as she would any other profession, for the sake of making a living, nor one who considers that little or no preparation for her work is required from day to day, because the children are yet so small. She should not content herself with giving an object-lesson, priding herself on the glibness with which the children count the faces, edges, corners, of the cube or other forms, then, letting the children build something according to her directions, or build what they like, without its representing *something* familiar to the child, and make it interesting to the children by associations with his own life experiences, or those of others, by means of a story.

In the kindergarten for children under six, the child should not realize that his play or occupation contains a lesson. It should be the best proof that the kindergartner understands her work, if the child, on being asked at home, "What did you learn to-day?" says, "Nothing!" Perhaps later in the day, when her mamma sees her looking very intently at a little fly in the window, and asks her what she is looking at, she replies, "Just look at this poor little fly, one wing is in a vertical, the other in a horizontal position."

She assimilated the instruction in the kindergarten the same as the babbling child assimilated not only the food, but the conversation with her mamma; learning unconsciously a thousand things every day. The true kindergartner should not pride herself on keeping the children still. She should not use ridicule to correct a child. She should not use prizes or any similar means to incite the children to great exertions. She should not specially praise children who are naturally more quick at giving good replies, or are not so bashful as those who, through no fault of theirs, cannot do so well in work or speech.

It is bad enough not to be gifted by nature, without having an unjust, thoughtless teacher make them feel ashamed or wronged.

In the true kindergarten, the children take little or no notice of

visitors, they are not self-conscious, nor put themselves on their best behavior to appear well, having been taught a lesson of deceit. They act the same in the presence, as in the absence of visitors. They do not leave the school-room with a shout of exultation, and realize a sense of freedom from restraint. It should not be a school where a regular plan is carried out, no matter what happens. Though in the true kindergarten each day does have its own plan for the various gifts and occupations with the kindergarten materials, and each day has its own subject for conversational exercises, and for the songs and plays in harmony with it.

I will briefly state the plan of conducting my kindergarten exercises during each day of the week, which may serve as a guide to inexperienced teachers. On Monday is what I call our tuning day for the week, which is to do for the children what Sunday does for their parents. We repeat the little moral texts they have learned, and add perhaps a new one, and illustrate its meaning with a story. For instance, "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord," is illustrated by the story of Joseph, who, through suffering, was made the instrument for saving the life of his family and of many others. "When the weather is wet, we must not fret, when the weather is cold, we must not scold, but be thankful together whatever the weather." "Never trouble another for what you can do yourself." "If you are angry, count ten before you speak; if you are very angry, count a hundred." "Do to others as you would that they should do to you." Recess, with motion plays, always follows the conversational exercises of the morning as the children must alternate sitting with moving exercises. On Monday the plays* which symbolize the trades are made use of. Perhaps the story of the morning was about the little proud grain of wheat, whose greatest ambition had been to be made into rich cake, the color of gold. With the blocks which are played with on Monday, we perhaps build by dictation a barn, a depot, or a train of cars, bringing or carrying different produce to different countries. Then, when they have had time given them to build whatever they desired, and sit quiet a few minutes, to hear what each one says his building represents, the genuine kindergartner knows how to weave all they have *tried* to represent into a continuous story of what might have happened to some little children, as, in the play of stage-coach, all the objects are brought into notice. How else could eight plain little blocks be of any attraction to children, who revel at home in

* "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

any amount of lovely building-blocks? Before the next occupation of sewing various lines and combining them into pretty figures, we again march out, and play, perhaps, "The Thresher," or "The Railroad," or the "Boatman and the Teamster;" a thread of connection running through the whole morning's exercises.

On Tuesday the conversational exercise turns upon nature, and we sing:

"Hum, hum, hum,
Look, the bees have come," etc. *

We sing about birds, frogs, or the little doves. After the play of imitating some of these, we have the occupation of staff-laying, and perhaps lay a hexagon, calling it the bee's cradle, and tell a story bringing in many simple but valuable facts in the history of the bee. (See page 83, "The story of Buzzie.") This is followed again by the much needed and enjoyable physical exercises, which are succeeded by drawing on their slates, — perhaps the same forms they laid with their staffs, — all depending on the age of the children, or the length of time they have been enjoying the kindergarten training.

If some child brought a bouquet of flowers in the morning, then our Tuesday bee-lesson can be brought in connection with the flowers, or they can lay a flower-pot, or the story is not so much about the bee, as about its having gone to sleep in a rose (see page 87, "Story of a little Bee"). We have to adapt ourselves to circumstances and to the children's moods. We cannot force our moods upon them, and should only gradually draw them to become interested in what we desire to bring to their notice. When the circus is in the city, it is useless to give them our well-prepared lessons. We must interest them by telling them stories of animals and all our play with the gift relates to that.

Wednesday, we may look at some pictures and converse about them, or talk about the words of a new song, or we repeat some of the previous day's story. How well they remember it! It is quite important to have the children try to tell the story themselves as a language lesson; but in my kindergarten we find it advisable to have children of various ages all united for the opening and closing exercises, and the older ones are sure to notice any little variance or anything left out, or not just as it was told, and they invariably beg me to repeat it myself. Where the children are under six, this is not the case, they are not so critical, and love to hear each other talk.

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* National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

Perhaps they repeat the lesson of the previous day, only with different materials, so as to make the impression more lasting. They take a square-laying tablet and place two equal-sided triangles with their bases touching the upper and lower edges of the square, and have again the hexagon or bees' cradle. The gymnastic plays are such as comprise every kind of physical exercise, or the play of imitating what one child after another shows. We also weave on Wednesday, and sing: "Oh weaving, weaving, what a joy!" etc. *

Thursday is the day when we talk about the most beautiful home on earth, our human bodies, and we have the sweet finger-plays, and other symbolical plays, such as the spool, the wheel-barrow and the like. We have paper-folding for our occupation, making many geometrical forms, such as squares, oblongs, triangles, which to the younger children simply represent the top of a table, or a napkin, a book, or a soldier's cap, or circus-tent. These, as well as their sewing, weaving and parquetry, we paste in their scrap-books, after the departure of the children.

On Friday the balls are used for play and instruction, with the physical exercise of marching, and plays of "In all the green world there is nothing so sweet," etc., in relation to the wool from which the ball is made, and preceded by a little natural-history lesson. Then with the clay modeling which follows we make things first symbolized by the ball. On last modeling day the balls had represented various fruits. The clay ball was changed into a cylinder, and then hollowed out, so as to make a fruit-jar, so that we might have the luscious fruit to eat at a time when "winter rules with an icy hand and nature takes a rest."

There is so much theorizing, if I may so call it, on this subject, that I prefer to deal mostly with the practical matters of experience; for one might read many volumes on the aims and uses of the Kindergarten Philosophy, and yet not know what is done in a true kindergarten.

The discipline in a true kindergarten leads to self-control, self-government. The chief punishment is the loss of the companionship of the good; in their work and play they realize that work is pleasure, idleness a trial.

* National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

FIRST PART.

MODEL LESSONS.

FOR KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

MODEL LESSONS

FOR KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

MODEL LESSON No. I.

CONVERSATIONAL EXERCISES.

THE picture-books are all being gathered up, for it is now time for the Kindergarten and school to begin. We call it school, because children from four to ten years of age all unite in the morning exercises. The bell rings and all rise to sing, except one very small boy, who has only been a day or two, and has not yet experienced the home feeling of wishing to be one with the rest. First they sing or speak their little morning prayers:

"Now I awake and see the light,*
'Tis God who kept us through the night,
To Him I lift my thoughts in prayer,
And thank Him for His watchful care.
Oh, keep me, Lord, throughout this day,
And drive all naughty thoughts away."

Then:

"Happy every morning,*
When the hour comes round,
To the Kindergarten,
Flocks of children bound,
La la la, la la la, la la la.
Shaking hands together,
Glad to meet again;
Pleased to learn, and spending
Not the time in vain. La la la, etc.

* National Kindergarten Songs.

The Kindergartener now calls on each child to recite various verses, which all repeat in concert. As these verses were being taught, each one in turn has been carefully explained and associated in the children's mind by an example or story.

To-day they learn: "The Lord loves a cheerful giver."

"But what has a little child to give?" Several children hold up their hands.

"Well, Floyd?" "We can give love." "Yes, certainly, the best gift of all."

"Lulu?" "We can give kind words."

"Mamie?" "We can be sunshine," "That is right, dear child, how well you remember what I told you, when we were learning, 'Kind hearts are the gardens,' etc. Yes, you can be either a sunbeam, or bring darkness where you go, by being either good and kind, or bad-tempered and selfish. Who wants to give sunshine?" All the hands are up, some children even hop up from their seats. Well, then, let us sing it once. All sing, standing up:

"Kind hearts are the gardens,*
Kind thoughts are the roots,
Kind words are the flowers,
Kind deeds are the fruits.

"Love is the bright sunshine
That warms into life,
For only in darkness
Grow hatred and strife.

"Take care of your garden,
And keep it from weeds,
Fill, fill it with flowers,
Kind words and kind deeds."

"What will happen to mamma, if you give her sunshine?" "She will be happy," Parke replies.

"Yes, she will be happy and will live longer than if she is worried all the time by her selfish little boy or girl."

"What does Eleanor wish to tell me?" "We can make Christmas presents."

Yes, indeed, you can give your time and the skill of your little fingers, and here in the Kindergarten you shall learn how to make up all your work to be some pretty and useful present for your friends.

But now I must tell you what happened to little Benjamin, a few

* "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

years ago, who was taken very sick and could not come to my Kindergarten for quite a long time. His father called one day to tell me how sick his little boy was, and said: "I am afraid he never will get well again." He could only stay a few minutes; when he was getting up to go, I asked the children, if they would like to send something to little sick Bennie. "Yes, yes, let him have my grapes, or my weaving." "Oh, he is too sick to enjoy those."

One little pet, Alice B., only five years old, held up her hand. "What does Alice wish to give to poor sick Bennie?" "I can pray for him." So you shall; let us all remember him this evening in our prayers. Not long after that, Benjamin's papa called expressly to tell the children that God had been pleased to answer their prayer, and that his little boy would soon be able to come to the Kindergarten again.

The verses they recited were not all Bible texts; these were some of them:

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

The sluggard says, there is a lion in the street, I shall be slain.

("Charlie, what is meant by a lion?" An excuse!)

Do to others as you would, etc.

But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all those things shall be added unto you.

Ask, and it shall be given unto you, seek, etc.

Not my will, but Thy will be done.

Thou shalt not covet.

Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.

Bless the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all His mercies.

The children were then asked if they remembered the last story told them, about the little Lily, which was not grateful for God's many blessings. Two or three of the children told each a part of the following story:

STORY OF THE LITTLE WHITE LILY.

"Once there was a lovely little Lily looking gaily about in a fine garden, which stood in front of a house in New York avenue. She was so lovely and smelled so sweet, she was petted by every one that saw her, and I am afraid she was getting spoiled by so much praise. She did not seem very cheerful and happy this morning, but looking up at the bright sunshine, she said: "This heat is terrible; I cannot bear it much longer. I do wish I never saw the sun again." "Good-by, little Lily," whispered the bright sunbeams, "we will leave, you

do not want us any more," and away went the sun behind a dark cloud. A rainstorm was coming on, but before it began to rain, the wind blew and rocked the little Lily harder than she liked. "Oh, this wind is so rude," she sighed, "I wish it would never blow any more." "Good-by, Lily," said the wind, "we will leave you, if you do not want us any more." And now it began to rain; the little Lily was not pleased with the rain either, but shaking her head, so that the water ran out of the pure white cup, she cried "Haven't we had rain enough yet? Do go away, Rain, and never come back!" "Good-by, Lily," said the rain, "you need not have any more of me, unless you want it." As soon as it had finished raining, little Clara, who lived in the house to which Lily's garden belonged, stepped out to go to visit a litte friend. "Oh, how sweet you smell," she said, and broke Lily off. Soon she spied her little friends coming to meet her, and she threw the Lily on the grass of the square, through which she was passing. The poor little flower began to shiver. "Oh! how cold I am, if the sun would only come and warm me a little." "Here I am, poor little thing, I'll forgive you, now that you are sorry for sending me away." The sun warmed her, but she still felt uncomfortable. "What shall I do for air, I cannot breathe," she sighed. The kind wind heard her complaint, and began to fan her white cheeks. She seemed to brighten up a little under the care of her kind friends. But soon she felt herself shriveling up. "Oh, for some water, it is just what I need, or I shall surely die." A gentle shower began to fall, in answer to her wish, and she felt much refreshed, when Clara, with a whole party of children were coming by. "Why, there is my Lily, which I threw away," she said. "Let me have it," pleaded Emma, Clara's little friend. She took it to her home and placed it in a tall, white vase, where Lily lived for quite a long time, feeling very happy, and thinking how foolish and wicked it was to be discontented and not enjoy the blessings God had given her."

Another time the children's attention is directed during their morning exercises towards observing God's wisdom in so wonderfully making their bodies, and they are asked what good they can do with their little hands, then what evil. They make amusing experiments with their fingers and find out how much one little finger depends upon the other. Then a sweet story follows, where each finger is made to tell what he saw, and is made to move so as to afford a good finger exercise, with the moral that little children must live to be helpful and peaceful with each other.

MODEL LESSON NO. II.

THE SIX COLORED WORSTED BALLS.

By M. R. Pollock.

Who wants to hear a story this morning? All hands go up joyously.

Well, this time it is about the dresses worn by our little balls. It is a Fairy Story. (Teacher shows the red, blue and yellow balls.)

Part I.

Once these three little fairies were always dressed in white. One morning the fairy queen said to them, "I am going to give to each of you a present, with which you can earn yourself a bright-colored dress. Here is a bow and arrow for you." "Thank you," said the first little fairy, looking with admiring eyes at the bright golden bow and arrow, which was only half an inch long.

The second little fairy received a little silver-handled hatchet, and the third a little spade with golden handle.

The first thing to do, of course, was to go away from the grand old oak-tree, where they played every pleasant night by the light of the moon, until they grew sleepy and crept into the flowers to sleep all day.

A bird with a bright red top-knot was hopping near the first fairy. "Oh!" she cried, "that is just the way I want to travel." She hopped upon the bird's head, and away it flew to California. There she saw many wonderful plants. Geraniums, as tall as our school-room door, and great fields of flowers, whose leaves were thick as thin boards with sharp prickers all around the edges, and large red flowers. This little cactus (showing one) is one of them cultivated, but there they grow wild like buttercups. Well, our little fairy looked all around for something to shoot her little arrow at. Bang, bang! the arrow went among the cactus leaves, and down dropped a little bug who lived on the cactus leaves, where it was born, and fed on the same leaves till it should die. The little fairy took two of these bugs, and put them in her pocket. Then she said: "I may as well fly home, now my little bird is here, and my arrows are all gone. But first I will dance round in this clear spring-water, which has collected near the cactus-field, and wash all the dust off."

When she hopped out, behold, her white dress was bright red; she felt in her pocket for the cochineal bug, and found it had fallen into

the water, and made the water red. Soon she was flying homewards. And where were the other fairies? Gamble had flown away off to Mexico on a canary-bird's wing, and was trying to chop with her little hatchet. But it did not cut very deep. When she was cutting into a gamboge-tree, a little drop of sap came from the trunk of the tree. Gamble took the drop, which had hardened like candy as soon as it felt the cool air, and put it in her pocket. Then, like her sister, she thought she would wash and fly home. Behold, her dress was bright yellow when she came out of the water, for the gum-drop from the gamboge-tree had made the water yellow. Now the third fairy had flown on a bird's wing away off to China. There she was digging in different places, to see what she could find. In a ditch she found some blue powder left there by people who make blueing from the indigo-plant. She put some of it in her pocket, then took a nice bath, the same as her sisters had done. The powder in her pocket made the water blue, and she found, that she had on the pretty-colored dress which she had come away to earn for herself. She soon flew home again where Cochie and Gamble were under the tree waiting for her. When the Queen saw the bright dresses they wore, she praised them, and said to the little fairy dressed in red, "We will always call you Cochie, for the cochineal-bug made your dress red." "Gamble is your name," she said to the one with the yellow dress on, "because the good gamboge-tree made your dress yellow." "We will call you Ida," she said to the little blue fairy, "because your dress is dyed blue by the indigo-plant."

Cochie, Gamble and Ida had a merry time, and next Friday, when the little balls come out to play with you, I will tell you some more about them.

Part II.

HOW COCHIE, GAMBLE AND IDA MADE THREE NEW COLORS FOR THE DRESSES OF THE SPIDERWEB FAIRIES.

Cochie, Gamble and Ida were three little fairies that lived in the woods. They were so tiny that they could creep into a flower in the daytime and sleep there. But at night they would take hold of each other's hands like the little children in the kindergarten, and sing and dance around. One of them was called Gamble Buttercup, and was dressed in the brightest yellow dress, sparkling with tiny diamonds like dew-drops all over it. The other was called Cochie Columbine, and was dressed in red, with a golden chain round its neck; the third

one's name was Ida Forget-me-not, and its dress was blue like the summer sky.

One night they were dancing and singing:

"Let us dance and let us sing
Dancing in a fairy ring;" *

when they spied three other little fairies, looking and watching them at their merry play. But they looked sad, and had on dresses that were grey like spiderwebs. Our three bright-colored fairies ran to them, and, taking hold of their hands, asked them to play with them. But they shook their heads and said:

"We cannot share in your delight,
We are not dressed in colors bright."

"Wait a minute," the little flower-fairies said, "we will see what our fairy queen can do for you." The queen was sitting in a beautiful pearl chair which shone with all the colors of the rainbow. They knelt down before her, and said:

"Dear lovely queen, will you endow
Our fairy sisters with some fair gift;
They will not share in our delight,
They are not dressed in colors bright."

The queen smiled and said:

"Dear fairies, I am pleased to see
Your loving generosity.
Go, bring to me a flower-cup,
And with the night-dew fill it up."

Very gladly they ran and brought a beautiful lily-cup.

"Hop in," she said to Cochie. The little red fairy danced around in the lily-cup, and made the water bright red.

"Gamble, hop in, and see what will happen when your yellow dress colors the red water in the lily."

When Gamble came out, the queen called one of the spiderweb fairies to jump into the lily-cup. When she came out, behold she was dressed in a lovely orange-colored dress. (Better way is to take the orange-colored ball from its hiding place in your lap and say, "Behold, she had what colored dress on?" letting the children say, "Orange." Then holding up the red and yellow balls, let them say, "Red and yellow make orange.")

Then the queen said:

"Now go and fill this cup again
With some fresh dew or drops of rain."

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* "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

As soon as this had been done, Gamble said, "May I get in first this time?" "Yes," replied the queen, "and then Ida shall hop in, to see what she can do to change the color of the water."

Gamble made the water bright yellow with her little dress, and after Ida had been in the lily with her blue dress (holding up the blue ball, the second spiderweb fairy jumped in, and came out (holding up the green ball) with a (children say) "green dress on;" then holding up the two balls, children say: "blue and yellow make green."

'Once more, go, bring a lily cup,
And with some fresh dew fill it up,"

said the queen. This time Ida went in first, and made the water bright (children say) "blue."

"Can I go into this blue water to see how it will change?" said Cochie coaxingly.

"Yes, hop in, and dance around."

When she got through, the third spider fairy jumped in, and when she came out, she had on a lovely (holding up the ball) purple dress. ("Red and blue make purple," the children say when we show them the two balls.) Now the six colored balls sang:

"We are a band of fairies bright,—
As soon as work is done,
All through the glorious summer night
We meet to have our fun,
We meet to have our fun." (See page 62, "Cheerful Echoes.")

This story may be followed by a ball play.

They march out and form a ring. The balls are given out accompanied by the fruit song (page 24 of Nat. Kindergarten), or by holding each one up, saying: "Cherries ripe, cherries ripe." We throw one to each one of the children who holds up his hands, expressing thus his desire for it. When they are all given out, half the children go to the right, the other half stand in a straight line opposite to them, and sing, making the motion of throwing the ball in time with the music:

"My ball goes up so fleetly,
And down it comes so sweetly,
In the air, oh hurrah!
In the air, oh hurrah!"

Not until the song is finished, they begin to throw up their balls and try to catch them. Those whose balls fall *do not* pick them up until the balls have been thrown up six times. Those whose balls fall continue to make the motion with their empty hands, until the

leader clasps her hands after the sixth time, when all pick up their balls, and immediately form two straight rows again, and begin the same song again. When it is time to put the balls away, the children form a semicircle and sing: "Baby is a sailor boy," * or

"The little ball lies in my hand
So quiet and so still,
I'll gently rock it till it sleeps,
And nurse it well, I will."

The rocking motion of the hands is done from the wrist, the children trying to see how far they can twist their little hands round. The basket is then passed around, and each child drops its ball softly in, so as not to wake them up. Then all march back to their seats.

BALL LESSON FOR YOUNGEST CHILDREN.

"Can you guess what is in this basket? I will help you to guess. They are dressed in bright colors; never make any noise, and they don't like to stay in one place all the time."

Children say, "They are little balls."

Teacher says, "Yes, and they want to come out to play with you.—But, first, can any of you tell me something about the little balls? Otto?" "They can roll."

"Roll to Otto, little ball,
He'll take care you do not fall."

The teacher is not ready to have the children play with the balls yet, so Otto has to roll it back to her.

Josephine? "They can hop."

"Hop little ball, hop on high,
Like a bird you seem to fly."

Madge? "They can swing."

"See it swing, see it swing,
While we hold it by a string."

It can swing to and fro like a clock, accompanied by the "Song of the clock," or by reciting the verse about the Linnet:

"Sixty seconds make a minute;
Sixty minutes make one hour;
If I were a little linnet,
Sitting on a leafy bower,
Then I would not have to sing it—
Sixty seconds make a minute," etc.†

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* Page 26, "Cheerful Echoes."

† See National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

Milton, holding up his hand: "We can whirl the ball around."

Others say: "The ball is soft; the ball is rough."

Each child is now asked what color it would like. (Observe the same rule about giving them out as given below, with advanced lesson).

Then each child forms a nest with his hands, into which the ball is thrown.

The various ball-songs and plays are now played, taking care to observe certain rules. For instance: Children stand at arm's length from each other before beginning. Heels together, elbows close to the body, — for the swinging of the pendulum.

The balls move simultaneously in the same direction, whatever that direction may be.

A very pleasing ball-play is that of the clock. It requires twelve (12) children besides the teacher. A ring is formed.

PLAY OF THE CLOCK.

One child, who stands in the centre, represents the pivot, while one hand stretched out in front is the long hand, and the other, not quite so far stretched out, represents the short hand. He keeps turning round and round, after first naming each child, I, II, III, IV, etc. The arms of the children in the ring are to be held down stiffly at their sides, and swing in concert backwards and forwards to imitate the pendulum while they sing:

"Come and see, come and see,
How goes the clock so merrily, etc.
The pendulum swings to and fro
And never from its course does go,—
Swings forward first and then comes back,
Always tick and always tack, tick tack."

The child in the centre stops turning round, points to a certain child, who tells what time it is, by mentioning the numeral he had been named. The child representing the hands steps out of the ring to run around. The others join hands and, dancing round, they sing:

"Hickery, dickery, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock," etc.

If the child pointed at has forgotten his number, another one is pointed to. If he remembers his number, then he steps into the ring for the next time. At children's parties several rings can be formed.

BALL LESSON FOR OLDER CHILDREN.

Teacher. (Holding the six balls in her hand). Where have you ever seen all these colors? Well, Albert?

Reply. In a picture in the Art Gallery.

T. I do not mean anything where one color has been put on one after another, or can be rubbed out; I mean in nature, where no human hand has had anything to do with it. What do we see sometimes after a shower?

R. A rainbow.

T. Yes, in the rainbow are the colors which I'm showing to my scholars. Now think of a precious stone, where all the colors of the rainbow may be seen?

R. It is the diamond.

T. What do we need besides the diamond in order to see the rainbow colors. Can you see it sparkle in the dark?

R. No, we cannot. We need the light to shine upon it.

T. The same as we do for the sparkling fountain, the soap-bubble or the prism.

A profitable lesson can be given by explaining how Sir Isaac Newton discovered that all colors are contained in light. But now the balls are to be given out and each child selects what color and ball he wishes.

Question. Ella, which ball do you choose?

Reply. The red one, if you please.

My little ball is red you see,
Like the cherries on the tree.

Q. What can you tell me about the color?

R. It is a primary color.

Q. What does primary mean?

R. It means first, or one.

Q. One what—in this case?

R. One color.

Q. Charlie, you wish to have—?

R. The purple one, if you please.

Purple is my little ball,
Like the violet sweet and small.

Q. Is purple a primary or secondary color?

R. It is a secondary color.

Q. And secondary color means?—

R. It means two.

Q. Yes, it means two colors which have been mixed together to make one color. What two colors make purple?

R. Red and blue make purple. (The teacher lays the balls all in a row ready to give out, when each one has made his choice, so as to keep the attention fixed upon the conversation.)

Parke always chooses blue; what can you tell me about it?

My ball so round and nice,
Is blue like summer skies.

Blue is a primary color.

Q. Do you remember the name of the plant from which we get this color?

R. It is the indigo plant.

Q. In our next ball-lesson I will explain to you the process by which it is obtained. Henry, which ball will you have?

R. The yellow one, if you please.

My ball is a yellow one,
Like a lemon or the sun.

It is a primary color.

Teacher. I have not told you before, that there is another name for this color. It is gamboge. (All repeat the word in concert). This fine color is the juice of a tree in Asia. If you make a small cut in the bark of the tree a thick gum will run from it, which hardens by exposure to the air, and is of a bright yellow color. We have a gamboge tree in America, but it is not considered quite as good as that from Siam. Next week, when I ask about this color, I shall see who has paid good attention to this lesson. Bessie (eight years old) may write the word gamboge on the blackboard. Now, Marie, comes your turn.

R. I would like the light green ball, if you please.

My ball is green, you see,
Like the leaves upon the tree.

Q. Have you thought what you would tell me about it?

R. Green is a secondary color. Yellow and blue make green.

Q. How do we make a lighter shade of any color?

R. By mixing white with it.

Q. Now, Mamie?

R. I would like the orange-colored ball.

Orange colored, just like gold,
Is the little ball I hold.

Orange is a secondary color: we mix red and yellow to make it.

Q. Well, Helen, what ball will you have?

R. A red ball, if you please. The prettiest red comes from the cochineal bug, which is found in California, where it lives on the cactus plant.

Teacher. Very well remembered, but now we have sat still long enough; (after each child has selected and received their ball) now, all rise, heels together! Don't move your hand or arm after you have set your ball in motion. Hold your elbows close to your body. Our balls shall represent to-day a chime of bells.

Sing:

Listen to the cheerful bells,
Calling us to meeting;
Yes, we know their meaning well,
Pleasant is their greeting, etc. ("Cheerful Echoes.")

The scholars in a primary school can make use of this song, and, marching in and out between the aisles, may swing their arms.

MODEL LESSON, NO. III.

SECOND GIFT.

BALL, CUBE AND CYLINDER.

Teacher raps upon the box, "Wake up, wake up; it is time to come out and play with us. We can hear you rattling in the box, before we see you. Children, why do these things make such a noise?" Reply: "Because they are made of wood;" another, "Because they are hard." Teacher: "If they were soft like our worsted balls we might shake them more than this, but we could not hear them. Let us all make a little noise,* by rapping on the table with our finger-tips. I will rap on the box: listen, my raps sound different from yours. Your table, you see, is solid, it is all filled out with wood." Opening the box, "Is this full and solid?" Children, "It is hollow, there is

* A lesson on sounds may be given, teaching the difference between pleasant and unpleasant sounds. Wild animals that feed on other animals, have a harsh voice. Let them name sounds in nature, such as the songs of birds, the hum of bees, etc., the wind among the trees, the thunder, the rain, the hail, the rushing of waters. Ask, what is the sweetest sound of all. To the mother and father, the patter of little feet; to the child, mamma's voice. Thus we may lead children to recognize God's voice in everything.

nothing in it but air." "Well Albert?" who holds up his hand. A.: A drum is hollow. Lulu? A balloon. Mamie? Boxes, table-drawers.

"Now come out little ball, I know you want to show us what you can do." Taking the red worsted ball out of the same box, "Did you want me?" "No, we want the wooden ball to-day." "Why did you call me?" "Oh, excuse me, I ought not to say wooden ball, I ought to say sphere, then you would not think I called you. They are a little alike, Otto wants to tell me how."

Children: "They are both round and can roll;" "They both have only one face;" "Curved in every direction;" "They have no corners;" "They have no edges;" "They can spin." Teacher spins the ball, and they sing:

"First up high and then down low,
This is the way the sphere does go."

Or:

"No matter, how fast I spin or race,
I always show the same round face."

The sphere is then made to roll on a plate; each child in turn holds the plate and lets the ball roll around in its twofold motion around itself and around the plate. If the ball rolls off, then the next child has his turn. If there is time, the cylinder is spun round, hanging from a double string, and we sing:

"When we spin the cylinder round,
Then a little sphere is found."

Or:

"When we spin you round, my dear,
Your curved edges disappear."

The strings must not be too long, or the children find it troublesome to spin them. Several cylinders may be given out at a time, if there are many children, otherwise one child at a time comes to the teacher, who assists those who need it, by steadying the plate.

The cube may twirl on a long ivory knitting-needle, and shows the cylinder, when spinning from the centre of its face.

More on this subject will be found in the lectures to mothers.

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telling us that God is love; for all things speak to us. The flowers say: "You might be very well off without us, but God wants to make the earth beautiful for your happiness;" the same with the birds,—they sing, it cheers them as well as us. The sun in the morning, shining on the child's pillow, says, "There is a time for sleeping, and a time to get up and do something." Our nice school-bell, too, has a tongue: it tells us, when to speak gently and lovingly, to sing and laugh, and not to fret and scold or cry; etc.

MODEL LESSON NO. IV.

THIRD GIFT.

A CUBE DIVIDED INTO EIGHT SMALLER CUBES.

"Before we begin to build, I would like to have you tell me where we find the wood of which our blocks are made?" "From trees," several children reply. "Yes, from trees. Would we want to cut down nice apple and pear trees, to make blocks of them?" "Oh, no." "Would they cut down the nice maple, poplar and elm trees that give us shade in the summer time?" "No, they cut down the trees in the country." "Yes, and the places where many trees are growing together are called forests. Are all the trees alike in the woods?" Children: "Oh no! there are some great tall oak-trees, and some Christmas-trees." Teacher: "Christmas-trees, dear children, are those which are green all the year round, in winter as well as in summer." Teacher would say to a class of larger children: "Would you like me to tell you how trees happen to be so different?" *First:* "The seed is not alike." *Second:* "The roots all look different." *Third:* "The size, when it is grown up." *Fourth:* "The form is different." For diversion the children may rise, and hold up their arms like the limbs of some trees. Held upwards, like the cedar, downwards, like the weeping-willow, held horizontally, like the spruce-tree, or the elm or apple trees. *Fifth:* "The leaves are different." *Sixth:* "The blossoms or seed-vessels are different. *Seventh:* "The color of the wood, after it is cut down." Teacher shows a kindergarten block. "Which kind of a tree is this block made of, one that is hard to cut up, or one that is not very hard?" Children: "Pine-tree; pine-kindlings cut up easily." "Let us play that we are in the woods cutting down pine-trees, or after it is cut down, cutting off the branches." Children sing "Wood sawyer," * page 43. Teacher gives out the boxes, containing each a large cube, cut up into eight one-inch cubes, after the children have told how many children and how many boxes were needed. T.: "Now we will cut our cubes, from right to left, four squares apart. It is a street, shall it be winter? Yes, then here comes a sleigh, 'Ding a ling, ding a ling, merrily the bells ring' (page 24.) * Now, is it spring-time? All right; the children are rolling hoops. (A tiny doll, kept for that purpose, marches through). There is some one

* See "Cheerful Echoes from the National Kindergarten."

going to the country to plant some seed. Now it is summer and our blocks are village roads. The hay wagon is coming along. Do you want to ride on the top of it? Here goes Otto, Lulu, Josie (enumerate all the pupils present). "And now after summer comes what?" Ch.: "Autumn." T.: "Very well, there comes another wagon with corn, potatoes, melons, etc. Hear the men singing: 'Hurrah! hurrah! the autumn brings us cheer' (page 15).* Now, children, take off the upper front row and place it next to the lower front row, so as to make a long row of it. Then take off the upper cubes of the back row, and place them as you did the front row. What shall we call it, supposing there was water flowing through?" Ch.: "A brook, a river." T.: "Yes, and the blocks might be the banks of the river. Who wants to hear a story about a frog?" All hands go up. T.: "Then you must move your chairs a little away from the table, and sit up straight."

"Charlie went to the country every summer. He lived not far from a brook, and he loved to go and sit by it, and throw stones into it, and watch the circles they made in the water. 'Quack, quack, quack,' said a mother-frog one day, 'Charlie is coming, I hear him singing, dive down quickly, or he will hit you.' 'Coo, coo, coo,' said a dove to her little ones, 'come, fly up here and see the sport.' 'Quack, quack, quack,' said a large bullfrog, 'I am not going to leave this nice sunny place for any little boys;' and he stayed on the mossy stone half out of the water. Charlie did not notice the frog for some time, but saw it just as he was going to throw a stone in that direction. 'What a nice chance to hit that funny fellow on his nose!' he cried, and was just going to throw the stone when he heard some one say: 'Do not throw that stone.' Charlie turned round in astonishment. No one was there. He lifted his arm again to throw the stone at the frog. 'Do not throw that stone.' He heard it, but not quite so loud this time. He did not care to stay any longer, but went home and asked mamma, if she could tell him who stopped him from throwing a stone at the frog. 'It was the good angel in your little heart,' said mamma, 'some people call him Conscience. I am so glad that you minded him. The first time he speaks quite loud, when you are going to do wrong. If you do not listen to him, his voice grows softer, and after a while you cannot hear him at all, and then you are sure to be very bad.' Charlie promised to mind the voice of conscience, whenever it should whisper to him, and he grew up to be

* See "Cheerful Echoes," same Publisher.

a great comfort to his parents and teacher, and everybody loved him."

"That is the way you will do also, Charlie, Sheldon," etc.?

"Now push the two rows of blocks together. That is the same stone on which the frog sat. Cut it in halves, front to back, and place one on the top of the other half. Here is your cube, now build what you like." When the teacher goes around to see what the children have built, she generally seems to recognize something in connection with the story or the conversation. Thus to the child who has made four columns we say, here are the trees by the banks of the brook, A second has a form of beauty, a flower-bed, or windmill near Charlie's house: if a tall tree, then it must be the one on which the little pigeon was sitting; and after the blocks are put away, they play "Little Doves,' page 33.*

An infinite number of lessons can be given on the subject of trees, in connection with the blocks in the Kindergarten.

First. The process of making the wood into blocks, accompanied by songs, "Wood chopper, Wood sawer, and Joiner" (page 43.)*

Second. The difference between wild and cultivated trees. The place where many trees are carefully raised in the nursery.

Third. The trees as homes for insects, birds, and squirrels.

Fourth. Who feeds on them.

Fifth. Different varieties used for fuel, for building houses, ships. ornaments, boxes, etc.

Sixth. Countries where they grow.

Seventh. How does the seed get scattered? By butterflies, bees, the wind, in the wool of sheep, some seem to have little wings (maple); the squirrel, carrying his mouth too full, often drops acorns that grow into great trees.

Eighth. What kind of fruit-trees grow in this country and in other countries? Trees used for medicine. The root of the sassafras: the bark of the Cinchona gives Quinine (tell story of its discovery); hemlock, licquorice, birch bark, all useful in some sickness.

Ninth. The sap, without which the tree could not grow; it circulates like blood in our bodies. In the spring-time there is more of it and of a sweeter kind than at any other time. People then tap the maple-tree to take away some of it, which is made into maple-sugar and maple-syrup. The sap of the pine-tree gives us turpentine, tar and resin. The gamboge-tree gives us the gamboge-color, with which

* "Cheerful Echoes," and "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

our yellow worsted is dyed. The caoutchouc-tree in South America gives us gum for rubber coats and shoes.

Tenth. The leaves of the palm are made into fans. The leaves of the mulberry feed the silk-worm. Peach-tree, walnut and other trees are made into medicine. Most all trees, the leaves of them, are used for the bedding of animals.

Eleventh. Which are some of the shade and ornamental trees?

Twelfth. Name various hard woods and soft woods; which last the longer; which is the cheapest, etc.

MODEL LESSON NO. V.

FOURTH GIFT.

EIGHT OBLONG BLOCKS, WITH STORY OF KIND HANS.

"Here come the little houses in which our little blocks stay, when we are not playing with them. Who would like to live in a dark little house, that has no windows in it? No, none of us would. What is it that comes in through the windows?" Reply: "Light, air."

Teacher: "Have you windows in the lovely home in which you live?" Reply: "Yes, our eyes are the windows of our beautiful home."* "Well, we must not call these houses homes, they are only boxes. Only living things have homes." On this occasion, a very interesting lesson may be given on different homes, bringing in those of different nations, Swiss cottages, Esquimaux' tents, or even those of animals, caves, nests, etc. The blocks are opened in the regular order. We sometimes pass them, while singing the "Railroad Song," † the child using both hands, one to cover the box he will keep, and the other hand he uses to push the blocks to the next child. "Now let us lift the boxes to see whether these soldiers are standing up ready to march out." The boxes are lifted from the blocks, and the covers put inside, and under the table. Teacher: "Are they standing up?" Children: "Yes, they are all standing." Teacher: "On which face

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* On Thursday mornings our conversation lesson is on that subject, and after review of what we have had before, we always add one more fact in physiology each week. The mouth is the door, the nose the chimney, — why we must breathe through it. What washes the eyes (tears,) where is the little tear-sac? What is in the tongue that helps us with our food. Why must we not chew tobacco or gum. Who are the servants of our home? Sing "Five little children."

† "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

are they standing?" Children: "On their short narrow faces." Teacher: "They have been in that position since last week. We will let them sit down on their long narrow faces. If the soldiers are tired, we would invite them to sit down a little while, before they go home. We want to make some seats for them in the park. Take four of your oblong blocks, lay them on their broad faces, and let them touch their narrow faces, so as to form a long end. Now, how many are left?" Children: "Four are left." Teacher: "Take those, and let them rest just behind the first four, on their long narrow faces. What does it look like?" Children: It looks like a bench. Teacher: "Now children, separate each bench, just a little. Now you have how many benches?" Children: "We have four benches." Teacher: "Let these benches touch each other at their edges and corners, not with their faces, then you will see they form a curve, as if they were in a bay-window, or sitting around the fountain in the park. Otto, where are your seats?" Otto: "In the park." Milton: "In the parlor." Josie: "At grandma's." Albert: "In the museum." Arthur: "In the waiting room of our Turkish bath." Lulu: "In mamma's room." Mamie: "In my doll's house." Ella: "In church." Eleanore: "In papa's office." Parke: "In our dining room." Winifred: "In the woods where we went to a picnic."

"Since we are talking about a picnic, we may as well make a table. Leave two of the seats, and take two of the others, and let us make a pretty table of these four oblongs. Two of your oblong blocks may stand on their small faces, their broad faces touching. Now lay the other two upon them, with their narrow long faces touching each other. Now we will play that we set the tables. What do we put on first?" Children: "Plates." Teacher: "Not first of all." Children: "First the table-cloth." Teacher: "And then?" Children: "Napkins, glasses, salt, water, plates, knives and forks, spoons," are their replies. Milton: "We want dishes with things in them." Teacher: "Certainly, only we wanted to set the table first."* Each child may tell something that he would like on the table; teacher makes remarks about each thing, amusing or instructive. Teacher: "I know a funny story. Sit a little away from the table, and I will tell it to you."

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* Much prettier tables can be made if the children have the 3d or 4th gift to play with at the same time. See illustrations in the Kraus' Guide, or Wiebe's "Paradise of Childhood."

KIND HANS.

Hans had two brothers, Tom and Dick. One morning their father said to them: "Now boys, you are old and strong enough to earn your own bread, and not have me to earn it for you. Take a good lunch, and start this pleasant day to see the world, and earn your living." Hans started a little later, for he wanted to say good-bye to the cow, the horse, and the dog, who would have liked to have gone with him. The older two had gone some ways by twelve o'clock; they were tired, and sat down to rest near a spring. They took out their lunch, and while they were eating, they saw an old woman looking at them a little way off, as if she thought, I wish you would offer me some. But they did not, and when she asked them for some, they said, "No, we have only enough for ourselves." Hans came to the same place soon after they had gone, and sat down to eat his lunch. As soon as he saw the old woman, he beckoned to her and said: "If you are hungry help yourself;" holding out all his lunch at the same time. "You are a kind young man," she said. "I am not hungry, but just wanted to see, which of you was kind and generous. I am going to make you a present. They call you stupid Hans, because you are not always looking out for the best of every bargain, no matter what becomes of every one else. But they will not call you stupid much longer." She gave him a plain little table. "Now, when you are hungry, all you have to do is to say, "Table, table, set yourself." Hans thanked her and went on. Towards night he went into a tavern or a kind of a country lodging house. "Will you take some supper?" the landlord inquired. "No, Sir," Hans replied, "just give me a good bed-room, I will take care of my own supper." The landlord gave him a room. Hans locked the door, and said, "Table, table, set yourself." "Why, that is fine," said the landlord to himself; for he saw it through the keyhole. "I must try to have that table."—Hans had a fine supper, soup, fish, a glass of milk, bread and butter, fruit and cheese. After supper everything had gone except the table. He went out for a little while to look for some work, taking the key of his door with him. But the landlord was a thief. He had keys to all the doors. He went quickly into the room, and exchanged the wonderful table for one of his own just like it. In the morning Hans had no breakfast, for the table did not mind him. He thought, "I will go back and find the old woman, and ask her what is the matter." "Never mind," she said, "I will give you something that will make that cheating landlord give you back your table, for he took it when you were out, and gave you one of his tables." She gave him a bag

"There is a cudgel in this bag. If you want to give some bad person a beating, say, 'Cudgel, cudgel, do your work.' The cudgel will dance round on the back of the bad man until you say, 'Cudgel, cudgel, that will do."' Hans went back to the same tavern. He took the same room, and told the landlord that he wanted to talk with him. "Now, Sir," he said, "I have something in my bag that will punish you for stealing my little table." The landlord grew angry, and told him to leave the house. "Yes," said Hans, "as soon as I have my table. Cudgel, cudgel, do your work." The landlord jumped around the room with the cudgel beating his back all the time. "Stop it," he cried, "I will get you your table." Hans made the cudgel go into the bag, and followed the landlord to the closet. "Take your table, and do not let me see you again," he cried. Hans took his table, and after he reached the woods he had a good dinner, and thought he would show his presents at home. His brothers had just reached home, and their father was praising them for having each one earned a dollar a day. "Well Hans," they said, laughing at him and pointing at the table, "Is that all you have to show?" "I'd rather have it than all your money," Hans said, then sat down. — "Table, table, set yourself." Sure enough, there was a fine dinner, as any one could wish, turkey, celery, potatoes, rice, and all kinds of nice fruits, oranges, apples, pears, etc. Hans generously gave each one some of his dinner. Then he told them the story of the cheating landlord. "I would like to see that cudgel," his father said, "dance around on Mike's back, for he treated our Fido so mean this morning, nearly breaking his leg." They called him up, and cudgel did his work, until Mike promised never to abuse poor dumb animals any more. Hans was not called "stupid Hans" any more, and the cudgel made people afraid to do wrong. He stayed with his father, and was always the same kind Hans.

After the story the children build what they please, until the time comes for putting them away.

MODEL LESSON NO. VI.

THE TABLETS.

"What day is it to-day, children?" the teacher inquires.

"It is Tuesday."

"What occupation have we to-day?"

"The laying tablets."

"Why do we call them laying tablets, Eleanor?"

"Because they cannot stand up good."

"Like what else, that we played with yesterday?"

"Like the blocks."

"Yes, the blocks can sit or stand on each of their six faces."

A little cube is covered with six various-colored square tablets and shown to the class.

"What part of the cube does one of these little tablets cover?"

"The face of the cube."

"Arthur, describe the tablet to me."

"The tablet has two faces, four edges and four corners.'

"Very good. Albert, what do you wish to say?"

"The tablet has four *equal* edges and four equal corners."

"Yes, they must be equal, or its shape would not be, what, Lulu?"

"Not be square."

The children are now made to point out any square objects in the room. Then each child has the cube presented to him, with the question —

"Which face of the cube will you have?"

They answer according to their wishes, the upper, lower, front, back, right and left one; and as fast as one is taken off, it is replaced.

"You may all lay it before you in such a way as to cover exactly one space of the squares on the table."

Then each child receives another one.

"Now lay your tablets so that face touches face."

Some of the new scholars look at the experienced ones, so as to understand what they are to do.

"Now let the edges of your tablets touch. What is it now, Alice?"

"It is an oblong."

"Why is it not a square now? Count the corner and edges. Four, just like one of our tablets. Well, Norman?"

"The edges are not equal; two of them are longer than the other two."

"You have had your right and left edges touch; now change their

position, let the upper and lower edges touch. What is it now, Josephine?"

"It is a vertical oblong."

"Yes, before it was a horizontal oblong. Now the corners shall touch. Try each one to do it in a different manner, and I will copy them on the board."

This is a very interesting process to the children.

"This time corners may touch edges. Now you shall each have six more to make anything you like, but you must tell me what part of your tablets touches. I am coming round to see what pretty things you have made. I only wish we had some of Mr. Milton Bradley's Tablet Paper, then we could paste just what you made on a piece of paper for you to take home. I think I will have to send for some.* What have you made, Milton?"

"Some steps."

"Where may they lead to?"

"Up to the nursery."

"Baby is sleeping there, let us go up on tip-toe. Oh, he is awake, playing with his tiny fingers. We will play with ours and sing about the five little children, by and bye. What! has Mamie made steps too? but they are double steps. Where do they lead to?"

"To our front door."

"Certainly, baby has had a nice ride, now he is coming home quite sleepy and hungry. We too, want our lunch pretty soon. What has Jennie made?"

"I have made a train of cars, all the edges touch."

"Where is your train going to, East, West, North or South?"

"North, where grandma lives."

"Let us go with you to spend a week in the country, it is getting warm here now. Over there is north, towards those windows; change the position of your train, it was going West the way you had it. What has Ella made?"

"I have made a cross, all the edges touch."

"Is it a gold cross to wear, or a marble cross?"

"It is a marble cross in a grave-yard."

"Who is buried there?"

"My grandfather."

"What did I tell you we must leave behind, if we want our friends to remember us?"

"A good name."

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* Parquetry, Milton Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

"Repeat the verse."

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," etc.

"But what has Carlton here?"

"A cross; edges and corners touch."

"It is very pretty. It must be a filigree silver one; we will give it to mamma for a Christmas present. Well, well! here is a flag, a chair, a table, a pigeon-house, a bridge, an arched doorway."

"No, it is a church window, exclaimed the little fellow who made it.

Bennie, after many efforts had his little tablets stand up so as to form a cube.

Milton has four circus tents, and Charles has the same, Winnifred and Otto are partners and have made a very pretty form of beauty. Parke has made a circle of six of his tablets. Two are outside.

"This is Mary and her little lamb, and that is the school-house," he explained.

A few others have forms of beauty, made systematically and perfect. But now it is almost twelve o'clock, and the tablets are all put face to face in a little pile and taken up.

"Before we have our lunch, let us sing of the five little children."

All sit up straight, and drumming with one hand upon the other, they suit the action to the words and sing —

Five little children climb up a tree,
Higher and higher, you hardly can see,
They climb so high, so high, so high!
Down they fall, into a ditch close by.
Let us go and help them out.
Poor little things, what were you about?
Here we are again, you see,
Thankful to you, as thankful can be,
And if ever again we climb up a tree,
We'll try to be careful as careful can be.*

The hands clap at the last word. Then "Ten little children," etc. At the words "let us go and help them out," both hands whirl around each other, so as to afford an excellent exercise and great amusement to the children.

The lunch baskets are now brought in by one of the children, and given to the one who, holding up a hand, recognizes it as his or hers. When all have their lunch before them, they are required to sit back for a moment, so quiet that the ticking of the clock can be heard, then the bell is tapped, and gleefully they open their baskets, spread out their napkins, begin to eat their lunch, not unlike a social party.

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* Music in Nat. Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

MODEL LESSON, NO. VII.

STICK LESSON.

Number. THE children are counted; the teacher holds up thirteen sticks which are two more than are needed.

"How many sticks do we need to give each child one?"

Children: "We need eleven sticks."

The teacher holds the other two in her hand: "How many must I put away?"

Ch.: "Two."

"But how many more will it take to give each child two sticks?"

Ch.: "Nine more with these two."

"Each child shall have two sticks, — how many twos?"

Ch.: "Eleven twos."

Language. "Yes, eleven times two. Let us build a barn. First of all let us lay the foundation. Where should we begin, with the roof?"

Ch.: "No, with the basement or cellar," some reply.

Obedience. "Very well, lay your sticks three inches from the front edge of your table, in a horizontal position, so as to form one long stick or line." Two more four-inch sticks are given out. The child who is naturally the most restless, but tries the hardest to be orderly, is called out to be a little helper, when occasion requires. Before use is made of the last two sticks, the children all say in concert, "We have laid the foundation." The other two sticks are

Reflection and Observation. placed in a vertical position one inch within and from the ends of the horizontal line. We will call these the sides of the barn. Two more sticks are given out and laid slanting toward each other, to form the roof.

Short conversation on roofs, why they are needed, of what they are made, — wood, slate, tar, tin, straw, etc.

"The frame of our barn is made; now can you tell me who lives there?"

Otto and Albert, who have never been on a farm, say, "Newspaper boys, tramps." Others mention several domestic animals.

"Now we will put something on the roof of our barn, to tell which way the wind blows." Two one-inch sticks are given out, and placed in the shape of a cross on the roof.

"Did you ever see a weather-vane?"

"Yes," some have seen a gilt horse or weathercocks. They all stand up and sing:

"Like the weather-vane is going,"*

Physical exercise. Then they sing to the melody of the Wind-Mill, p. 43, of the National Kindergarten Songs and Plays:

"The weather-vane needs the wind to blow,
Or else it can not go, go, go," etc.,

adapting the words to the subject.

Geography. They make the weather-vane turn to the north, to the south, the east, and the west, representing themselves the weather-vanes. They sit down. Now our barn should have a door. Then two-inch sticks are given, and a door is made. Each child tells what goes into his barn door, — cows, goats, etc.

"The door must not be narrow like our doors, because sometimes a large body comes out, which none of you have mentioned. It is drawn by oxen or horses."

"Yes, the hay-wagon."

Children sing:

"Hurrah! hurrah! the autumn brings us cheer,"

page 14, or "New Mowing Song," page 50. When they are seated again, they exemplify with their hands, various sizes, first wide, then narrow, high or tall or low. Teacher mentions Benj. West, who began his art career by drawing pictures on a barn door. Teacher has the children draw the picture of a barn on the blackboard with a weather-vane on the roof of it, and she herself draws the picture of a chicken going into it; each child doing a small part of the barn. The children now make what they please. The sticks are gathered up, after each one has placed them in groups according to the sizes, and the children march out to play.

Language.

Sing "The Farmer," "Mowing Song," or "Weaver John."† The occupation which follows is weaving.

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* Page 25, of "Cheerful Echoes."

† Page 44, National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

MODEL LESSON, NO. VIII.

RINGS.

Teacher holds up a little stick. "If I should ask you, children how you would make a picture of this little stick on your slates or on the blackboard, what would you do?"

Ch.: "We would draw it."

T.: "Draw a stick?"

Ch.: "No, draw a line."

T.: "Yes, you would draw the picture of it, like this?" (drawing a zig-zag line.)

Ch.: "Oh no, it must be a straight line."

T.: "Let us all move our fingers up and down in a straight line. Good. Can you make any other kind of a line?"

Ch.: "A horizontal line, a slanting line."

The children move their pointing fingers as directed.

T.: "But I know how to draw another kind of a line. If I were going to draw the picture of our ball, what kind of a line would I have to draw?"

Ch.: "A round line."

T.: "We do not call it a round line, we call it a curved line: Show me a curve, Alice?"

A.: "The fire-place." Children hold up hands.

"Well, Milton?"

"Our eye-brow."

"Charlie?"

"The picture-frame."

T.: "Now, let us make a curve with our arms like a rainbow, now with our pointing fingers. I have something in my hand which is curved. You shall all have one." T. shows a half ring. "Is this made of wood?"

Ch.: "Oh no, it shines, it is brass."

T.: "It is made of strong wire. We can not chop it, like we can wood. Holding it curved upwards, what part of this half ring is turned upwards?"

Ch.: "The points."

T.: "Let us call it the ends."

The children each receive a half ring.

T.: "Let us all have our half rings curved upwards, as I had mine Do you know anything curved upwards like this?"

Ch.: "The rim of a hat, the rocker of a chair, of a cradle, etc."

T.: "Let us turn it in the opposite direction, the ends downwards. What might it be?"

Ch.: "A wicket, a window, a hat, an umbrella when open."

T.: "Now turn it to open toward the right. Now let it open to the opposite side."

Ch.: "It looks like the moon."

Charlie: "If we put the stick to it, it looks like a sickle."

T.: "What did I give you children?"

Ch.: "A half ring."

(A good lesson on minerals can be given another time. Or a lesson on mines, or on metals, on their variety and uses, etc.)

T.: "I want you to have a whole ring. What must I give you now?"

Ch.: "Another half ring."

Teacher shows another, but much smaller, "Will this make a whole ring?"

Ch.: "No, it must be the same size."

T.: "That is right. How many children are here? (They count twenty.) How many half rings must I give out?"

Ch.: "Twenty."

T.: "Now we will join them together carefully, and what have we?"

Ch.: "A whole ring." Children mention round bodies, such as seeds, bubbles, fruit, etc.

T.: "But you see, we can put our fingers through this ring. Mention things like it."

Ch.: "Hoops, bracelets, links of chains, our rings, curtain and portiere rings, finger-rings," etc.

T.: "What is the smallest of which you can think?"

Ch.: "Baby's finger-ring."

T.: "What is the largest you have seen?"

Albert: "The fence around the park."

T.: "What is the prettiest ring of all?"

Ch.: "Flower-bed."

T.: "Sure enough, it is my flowers I have in my mind, you all are the flowers in my Kindergarten; now you can come out and sing: 'Form a ring, form a ring so sweetly,' etc. page 19.* Leave your rings on the table, and let us play for a few minutes."

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* Cheerful Echoes.

Children march out to the tune of "The time has come for play," page 11,* or "Let us form a ring," page 29,† or they may play "Roll the hands," etc., a fairy play. Then march back. Each one receives a whole ring, and lays any form he pleases. The children may be allowed to copy their forms on the blackboard. It is desirable that there be blackboard enough for several children to copy simultaneously. Teacher helps them to put their initials inside of the ring which they have drawn. They may use another ring for a guide, which they place back in the box on their way back to their seats. When each one has made a picture of his form, all the half-rings are gathered up. Teacher shows them how the picture of a ring may be changed to a picture of a solid ball, by shading it. She fills it up with chalk marks, then rubs her finger over it, to erase all the marks of lines. The children do this with their ring on their slates, fill it out, breathe on it, rub it gently with the finger, and perhaps call it the moon. Then a drawing lesson may follow with curved lines.

MODEL LESSON NO. IX.

PAPER FOLDING.

A number of questions may be asked. What is paper made from? Cotton, straw or almost anything that belongs to the vegetable kingdom. It can be made from almost any fibrous substance. Some very fine paper is made from rice, and in China they make some most beautiful articles with that paper. Asking the quality of the paper means whether it is thick or thin, smooth or rough. The child chooses which color he will have, and then the same rhymes as are used with the balls of the first gift may be used, "This little sheet is red, you see, like the apples on the tree." Then ask the child to tell something of the same shape as their sheet of paper; they may say a napkin, top of a table, a picture-frame, a square looking-glass, etc. What kind of a face has it? Flat or smooth? What else has it? Edges and corners, the upper edge running from right to left, the lower edge running in the same way, the edge to the right goes up and down, the edge to the left runs in the same direction. With very young children it is best to teach them without their knowing it. We say, now run your little fingers along the lower edge; now along the upper edge;

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* Cheerful Echoes.

† National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

now the lower edge wants to go visiting the upper edge. Now let us open it, — why we have a little carriage seat, and we will go riding. You can then tell a little story and bring in the song "Wait for the wagon." It is also the shape of a book; and the children sing a song, or read a story out of their books, a favorite pastime. We take the lower right-hand corner and fold it against the upper left, it will then be a shawl, and to the older children, a triangle. It is also a tent, and we have a play asking what kind of a tent it is, some say a circus tent; then ask what pets the different children have. It can also be a store, and we make a market by joining all the tents together, then introduce a story suitable to the occasion. It may represent a hill, and we sing "Jack and Jill," then take the lower left hand corner and fold it against the upper right. The children may show you the centre, and sing, "Thumbkins says, I'll dance, Thumbkins says, I'll sing,"* etc. Then take the lower right-hand corner and fold it against the centre, we have now the ivy leaf, and fold the upper left down to the centre, and when a third corner has been folded to the centre we have a little envelope ready to be closed, which you do by folding the fourth corner to the centre. We show the child where to put the stamp. Each child receives a round circle of the parquetry paper, and is particular to paste it in no other place but the right-hand upper corner, to save trouble (we tell them) to the people at the Post-Office. If it is near Christmas time, we address the letters to Santa Claus, each child having told what he would like to have.

When speaking of the material paper is made from, we may introduce the subject as follows:

Did you ever hear the men going round singing,

> "If I had as much money as none could tell,
> I never would cry, old rags to sell"? (Page 48.)†

Well, one day Josie's pet kitten with its blue ribbon round its neck, took a notion to play round a rag-man's push-cart, while he was in the house talking to Josie's mamma, and buying her rags. It finally crept into one of the bags and went to sleep. The ragman came out of the house and put some rags into the bag where pussy was sleeping, and went away down the street, where he stopped at a man's door

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* "Songs and Games for Little Ones," published by Oliver Ditson.

† Cheerful Echoes.

who bought all the old rags, to have them made into paper. When he opened one of the bags Pussy jumped out.

"Are you going to sell Pussy too?"

"No," the ragman said, "you can have it for nothing."

Meanwhile Josie was calling her pussy, and asking every one whom she met, if they had seen her kitten.

"What is the matter with Josie?" said papa when he came home to supper.

"My kittie is lost," said Josie.

"Never mind," said papa, "I will advertise it."

So, the next morning, a poor boy who wanted to buy some school-books, but had no money, was going by a board fence. There was a paper pasted on the boards, and he stopped to read it. "*Lost*, Grey Kitten, with blue ribbon round her neck. The finder will receive $2.00 reward;" and then it told where to bring it. "O," thought Louis, "I saw a cunning little kitten this morning as I passed by that paper factory." He went to Josie's house and told them where they could find her kitten. Mamma and Josie went out and found it was her kitten. They thanked the gentleman for taking care of pussy, and gave Louis the $2.00 when he called the next day, and he was glad to be able to buy his books.

What kind of rags make the finest paper? What is coarse wrapping-paper made from? What is paper used for? These subjects may serve for the object-lessons for many days of paper folding.

FOLDING WITH LARGER CHILDREN.

"Thursday is our day for folding. Before we make anything pretty let us have a riddle, which you can let the folks at home guess also. You remember what I said about the foundation of a house?

Ch.: "Yes, we cannot build the upper stories, or the roof, until we have laid the foundation."

T.: "Very well, to make any thing with our paper we must begin with the foundation. How do we get a centre?"

Ch.: "By making a vertical and a horizontal fold."

T.: "Very well, I shall call these our foundation or fundamental folds."

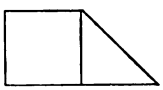
Ch.: "We also fold from corner to corner."

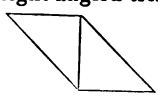
T.: "Certainly, but we will not make the diagonal fold until we have guessed our riddle."

After the vertical and horizontal folds have been made, the lower edge of the paper is folded to the middle, the same as with all the other edges; then there will appear sixteen small squares."

T.: "Now, children, see how many squares you can find in this paper. I can find twenty-nine in mine. First the sixteen small squares, then the original square before it was folded," and so on.

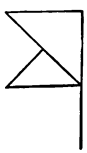
It can be shown and explained on the board. The same riddle another time can be given to find how many triangles are contained within the four-inch square. The children's names are written on the squares, they are gathered up and a fresh sheet is given them, either to fold what they please, or to make some pleasing form of life. For instance, dictation: "Change your square into an oblong. Point to the lower right hand corner. Turn it up to the middle line so as to make a right-angled triangle, beside the square."*





"You see, the right-hand upper corner went down, and now the left-hand lower corner says it wants to go up."

"Show me the vertical line in the middle. Bend it together so that both points are on the same side. It makes a flag."



Five inch-long staffs are given out, and with the help of a little mucilage the children are delighted to have a flag. Their names are written on them. They may march out with music, or let the wind blow their flags from different directions with the words, "Which way does the wind blow?"*

MODEL LESSON NO. X.

PEAS AND STICKS OR WIRES.

(In Germany each child has a pricking needle, with which he makes a hole before using the stick, to prevent the breaking of the point).

The kindergartner brings a box of small sticks of various sizes, called the Eighth Gift, representing the edges of the solids, with which the children play. Some of these little ones have already visited the kindergarten the previous year. A bowl with soaked peas, and some dishes belonging to a toy tea-set are also brought into requisition.

* National Kindergarten Songs.

"Hugh, what is this in my hand?"

"A little stick."

"Is it like anything we have used in our work before, Fannie?"

"It is like a slate-pencil."

Other children reply: "Yes, like a lead-pencil, a gas-pipe, the leg of a chair, a stick of candy, a tree."

"What part of the tree, Elma?"

"The trunk and limbs of the tree."

"But we are not going to play with sticks alone this time; here is something else that I will give you. By using this we cannot only lay anything we wish, but can put it together and hold it; yes, we can take it home to give to papa or mamma. Is this pea shaped like the little stick?"

"No, it is like a ball; it is curved in every direction," says Helen, one of last year's pupils.

"Like our worsted balls?"

"No, like the wooden sphere," says Elsie.

"The very same form, but of different material. Why do I not give you cunning little wooden balls to play with?"

"It has to be soft, or our stick will not go into it."

"Why should the stick be hard, can you tell me?"

"Because the point of it must be firm enough to break the skin of the pea and hold it there." (This reply is given with the teacher's help.)

"If the pea was made of wood, what would happen to the little stick when it tried to pierce a hole in it?"

"It would break."

"What is the pea made of?"

"It grew."

"That is a very nice answer, Elsie. It is part of a plant, and while it was growing good mother earth fed its roots every day. The kind rain and loving sun all did their best to help the little pea-vine grow tall, and change its pretty flowers into pods with peas in them. None of us can make a pea. God has given to the earth all that is wanted to feed the little pea. Now each child shall have four sticks and four peas. I want you to make me a square window. Laura, what size must these little sticks be to make a square window with them?"

"They must be equally long." (Last year's pupil.)

"Yes, that is so. As soon as a window is made lay it down and sit back in your chairs. In what direction do two of your little sticks run, Arthur?"

"Two run in a vertical, and two in a horizontal direction."

"Felix, what part of the window are your peas?"

"The corners."

"All that is wanting is a pane of glass."

Each child now tells what part of the house their window belongs to. One child has a church window with pretty pictures on it, another a prison window. Then a short story about a poor, sick child, who could never go out to see the trees or play in the garden, and how his little friend brought him a pet plant, which he placed in the window that it might be kissed each day by the sun. How contented and happy he felt watching it grow! After the story the children amuse themselves making anything they please. Four more sticks are given to them, and the toy teacups of each filled with peas. One little girl begs for a *curved* wire so as to make her name, but is told that they cannot have wires to-day, as the children are permitted to carry their things home, but when they use wires they have to be used again in the kindergarten. She is shown how to break the sticks so as to form curves, and she makes a perfect "Alice."

As the time approaches for the primary class to come in for recess, one of the children collects all the sticks, after they have been separated the larger from the smaller, and laid orderly before each one. The peas and dishes are put away by the teacher, and soon the older children march in and take their seats. Then they all arise and march out. Their hats having been given to them in their seats, they go out to the play-ground and form a long row to play the "Gardener and the Flowers" (*National Kindergarten Songs and Plays*). The gardener, represented by Miss Loué, sings:

"Some flowers I want to find,
Into a wreath to wind,
I want you one and all,
The larger and the small."

The "Flowers" sing, advancing three steps, holding each other by the hand, and then stepping back again:

"Pray, sir, but do not find us
Into a wreath to wind us,
We'll in the garden stay;
We love our liberty."

The gardener claps her hands, and all the flowers run to the other side, trying to escape being caught. Each larger child holds a smaller one by the hand, to prevent their falling. Every one caught becomes a gardener with the first, and helps catch the flowers, singing the

gardener's part of the song. After the flowers are all caught a ring is formed and they sing:

"The flowers now are found;
Into a wreath they're wound;
So sweetly it is scented,
To our friends we will present it."

Then all march into the house, singing a marching tune. As they pass through the recitation room they lay their hats upon a long table they pass, without interrupting the march, while one child remains behind to hang the hats up in their places.

MODEL LESSON NO. XI.

CLAY MODELING.

"Who can tell me where we find our nice clay?"

"In the ground."

With larger children we give a lesson either in mineralogy or geology. They tell us of various things found in the ground; all the various minerals, such as clay, chalk, slate, magnesia, sulphur, etc., all the common stones, such as marble, granite, etc., diamonds, and other precious stones, to be written on the blackboard as fast as they are named.

With younger children, they tell us different things made of clay, such as bricks, dishes, flowerpots, vases, etc. The oil-cloth table covers are now spread over the tables, then we take a piece of clay and speak of the object which we intend to make, which perhaps is in connection with what we played, or with the preceding occupation. We have had the Second Gift, and had been spinning the ball, cube, and cylinder. All try to make a ball of clay.

Teacher: "Let me see how nice your ball can run. Milton, yours seems to have a flat face. Ella, there is a round corner, that will not do. Albert, there is a kind of a curved edge on yours. What is the form of a ball?"

Children: "A ball is curved in every direction."

Teacher: "The ball says:

"No matter how fast I spin or race,
I always have the same round face."

"These balls are nicely made; now take your wire and see how evenly we can cut them in two. What have we now?"

Children: "Two halves."

Teacher: "Yes, two half spheres. Sometimes people say *hemi* for half; another word for half is *semi*, but this word is not used when we talk about balls or spheres. If papa has a newspaper that comes in the middle of the week and at the end of the week it is called a *semi*-weekly paper, when it comes at no other times. Those that come every day are called daily papers. You may make whole balls out of each half ball. Try to have them exactly alike. (In some Kindergartens a tiny pair of scales are given for every two children.* In the nursery this is eminently practical and delightful; of course it is only used on one day of the week for this particular purpose.) Now we are going to cut our two balls. How many half balls have we now?"

Children: "We have four half balls."

Teacher: "These we will make again into whole balls. Now each one has four marbles; we might call them peas, as we are going to put a stick into them pretty soon. But first we are going to divide each of our four balls into halves. How many has each one now?"

Albert: "I have eight."

Teacher: "As soon as you have made each half into a whole again you shall have some sticks, and we will make something to take home with us. Here are four sticks. Make a square with four of your little clay peas. Lay it near the upper edge of the table, away from the others. Now make another square with the rest. What have you now?"

Children: "We have two squares."

"Here are four more sticks (tooth picks) and you may use them to connect your two squares. Take one of your squares, let it rest on the table, now put one stick in it and let it stand up vertically from each ball at the corners. That is right. Now place your second square on the top, what is it?"

Children: "It looks like a cube."

Teacher: "How many corner balls did you have to use?"

Children: "Eight balls."

Teacher: "Count the sticks or edges. How many around the base."

Children: "Four edges; four around the upper face, and four standing up vertically."

Teacher: "Could it look like a cube if there were not twelve edges?

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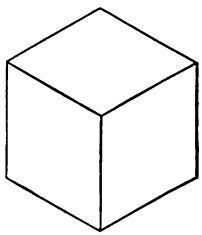
* Small druggist-scales would help ensure the balls being of the same weight.

Now we will tie a piece of different colored worsted to each one so that you can tell which belongs to you, for we have to put them away till you go home."



If time permits, each child receives another piece of clay to make what he pleases. If the children have been some time in the Kindergarten, they can be taught what is the meaning of solids by comparison with the wooden cubes. They should all learn how to draw a cube before they have been a year in the Kindergarten. They are prepared for doing this by the pasting of parquetry. Three of the leaning squares or diamonds make the picture of a cube.

Warm water and towels being ready from the beginning, two children at a time go to wash their hands. The dry crumbs of clay are brushed into a tin pan to be covered with water for a few days. Two or three days before we wish to use the clay, it is removed into a dry napkin, and laid in a dark place till wanted. If not dry enough by that time lay it in a warm airy place. If too dry, wet the napkin by pouring water over it several times. The day it is wanted we change the napkin for a dry one, and give it an oblong shape by striking it against a hard surface, a marble slab or the stove hearth is the best. This gives it the desired consistency and shape for cutting up.

MODEL LESSON NO. XII.

THE GONOGRAPH OR CONNECTED STAFF.

Teacher: "What is this in my hand?"

Children: "A wooden stick."

T.: "Only one?" (Opens it.)

Ch.: "No, there are more than one."

T.: "Yes, let us count them. (Counts up to ten.) Ten sticks, or I call them staffs, are fastened together by a kind of tack. But it is not a tack, because its point might hurt our fingers. It is a rivet.* What do you see on this staff?"

Ch.: "Lines and numbers."

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* With older children, they may mention other things which are connected, such as doors by hinges, chains, clothes by straps or thread, leaves by the stem, limbs of the body by joints, etc.

T.: "And they are all the same distance from each other, like the lines on your tables or on our blackboard."

Ch: "It looks like a ruler or measure."

T.: "Yes, and some other time we will measure with it."

Each child receives one, but is told to leave it before him without unfolding it.

T.: "In what position is our staff?"

Ch.: "Front to back, vertical."

The children are told to put the palms of their hands together and move them up, then down, saying, "Up and down, vertical." Then they are told to open their hands with palms downward, and only the tips of the middle fingers touching, when their staffs change to assume the horizontal position, and they say, "From right to left, or, from side to side, horizontal." The teacher changes the position of her staff.

T.: "Now it is in what position?"

Ch.: "In a slanting position."

T.: "Like what? Look around!"

Ch.: "Like the cord of the pictures."

T.: "Now unfold one joint of your staff."

Ch.: "It looks like letter L, like a carpenter's rule, a hatchet," etc.

The gonograph can sit up on the table without being held.

T.: "You see it forms a corner where they are joined. The outside of it we call a corner, the inside is called an angle. Do you see any square corners in this room like this? Well, Norman?"

Ch.: "The corners of the room."

Another Ch.: "Our blackboard."

Still others: "Our tables, the windows, the squares on the table," etc.

T.: "Yes, they all have right angles or square corners, the same as our cube which we spin around sometimes. Now see me make this angle smaller." The right angle is changing to be a sharp one. "See how sharp I make it. You may do so. Now let us use three of our staffs. How many sides? how many corners?" (Carefully avoiding pedantic school ways.)

They make in succession the leaning square, the vertical oblong, the horizontal oblong, the rhomboid, the kite or trapezium, the half of a hexagon, which we call the trapezoid, the pentagon, hexagon, octagon and circle. Of course not in one lesson, but in twenty lessons or more, always adding a little to what is well understood from the previous lesson with this gift, always connecting with each geometrical form something known to the child; for instance, the trapezoid may look like a shoe or a boat.

We may ask the children to make us something that has only right angles, then something that has only dull (obtuse) angles, then one that has two of a kind or three. Before these staffs are taken up they always make whatever they like. They must be taken up in regular order, folded up, and lying in a vertical position before each child. In teaching the word "acute" you may say, "sometimes when a little boy gives a very nice answer, people say to him, 'Well, you are a cute little fellow.' That means he is sharp. We call this sharp corner cute also, and say it is a-cute little angle."

The connected staff is always welcome to the children, and may be followed by sewing of lines, by drawing, or tablets.

SAND IN THE KINDERGARTEN,

With the Youngest Children.

For playing with sand we use oil-cloth table covers, round tin pans, holding about a pint, toy shovels, one inch wide, and different shaped patty pans. We show them how to press the sand firmly down with the bottom of the large pan, before they turn their cakes out. After they have had this occupation a few times, we give to each child a piece of a thin flat stick to cut their cakes with. One of the interlacing sticks makes two. The children at first make very imperfect halves, but with judicious oversight they will divide their cake into perfect halves, quarters, and even eighths. Some children like sand as much as clay. The children must consider it a privilege to be allowed to take turns in wiping off the shovels and pans when the sand is taken away. Before it is given out, we talk about where we find the sand, what people use it for, and learn the little verses:

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.
Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heavens above."

SECOND PART.

STORIES

FOR THE KINDERGARTEN AND THE FAMILY.

Classification of Stories.

Stories can be divided into two principal divisions: true stories and those that are not true. The first may be drawn from the child's own life. If taken from the lives of other children, the feeling common to all humanity must not be entirely lost sight of, no matter how strange the events may be.

Adapt your stories to the children's ages: the younger the children, the harder it is to tell stories that will command their attention and interest.

With smallest children a short thread and very little circumstance dwelt on, and described minutely. Strong points must follow each other in quick succession. The child may desire longer stories, but is unable to follow them. If you can draw, and have no other means for illustration, a great deal of interest may be added by thus illustrating the stories.

In the kindergarten select such stories as can be carried out afterwards in their own actions, as with their building and their plays.

Give opportunity even to the youngest to repeat some of the story, even if he only gives one sentence. Don't correct the child, but help him to find the thread. Tell your story not only with verbal language, but with expressions of face and hands, not strong enough, however, to divert the child's attention from the story.

Use no slang nor high-sounding expressions; do not speak of things in general, but identify, be explicit, give a name to the persons in your story (I generally use the names of the youngest children present), give a location to the places and to the events that transpire; make your sentences short.

Use the tone of voice most likely used when certain people talk in the story; use dialogue and do not speak in the past tense.

Speak plainly and natural, neither too soft nor too loud, too slow or too fast. Do not interrupt your story by asking questions of the children: the disclipine of attention will thereby be lost; questions may be asked before and after.

A simple and natural explanation can be made to substitute part of the dialogue of the story.

Introduce rhymes all you can: this increases, in a great measure, the enjoyment of the children.

If a story is to be continued, it is well to have a heading to the chapters. When the story is repeated, do not change anything, it

detracts from the interest and causes the child to interrupt. Words may be changed, but not events.

Tell mostly about good actions done, never of faults or wrongs which may never yet have come under the observation of the child. All murder, robber, or ghost stories must be *strictly* avoided, and never tell such stories as will inculcate fear in the child.

Moral stories may be preceded and followed with the recitations of the verse for the week, such as: "Honor thy Father and thy Mother;" "He who digs a pit for others shall fall into it himself;" "Praise the Lord, O my soul! and forget not all his benefits;" "If you are angry, count ten before you speak; if you are very angry count a hundred;" "The Lord loves a cheerful giver;" "Never spend your money before you earn it;" "Blessed are the peace-makers for they shall be called the children of God;" "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver or gold;" "Honesty is the best policy:" "A soft answer turneth away wrath;" "Never trouble another for what you can do yourself;" "Do not put off for to-morrow what you can do to-day;" "Judge not, that you be not judged;" "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord."

Many Bible-stories are suitable; do not tell them in a ceremonious, sanctified manner. Have a regular time for them, have them go with the Bible-verses and moral precepts.

A careful selection of Bible-stories should be made: not the quantity but the quality is of the utmost importance. With Froebel, we think the child, as a member of the human family, shall be made to understand at least the meaning of the various Christian holidays, so as to have their conduct in unison with our own on such occasions. Simple historical stories should be told on those days.

Are fairy stories advisable? By all means. Some object to them on the ground that they are not true, but do not children talk to their dolls and other toys the same as if they were real, perhaps more. The love for the wonderful in a greater or lesser degree is inborn in every child, and the cultivation of the imagination and poetry of the soul are as important as any other soul-faculty; and those unsympathetic and thoroughly utilitarian persons we meet with in life, are to be pitied for their starved childhood, which resulted in narrow, onesided views of life. Of course, certain limits must be observed; there must not be too many of them.

The right kind of fables are very desirous, such as exemplify gratitude, as for instance the fable of "The lion and the mouse," or "the

two stories of the pine-trees" the one where it was discontented with its needles, the other of the pine-tree which complained that it had no opportunity to do good.

The story of Buzzie, giving valuable information about bee-life, and of Miss Swallow Tail, doing the same in regard to the transformation of the caterpillar, the story of the Lark, showing that the most reliable help is self-help, etc.

Legends are also valuable, for they form a bridge which gradually leads the child to the real enjoyment in history and puts him in sympathy with what is going on in the world.

STORIES.

ROSE AND HER FLOWERS.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS WHO HAD THEIR OWN WAY.

ROSE was going to a party, and went into her garden to pick some flowers to wear in her hair.

Summer was gone, but there were still many fine flowers left. The heliotrope, which is so very sensitive, had been touched by the breath of Jack Frost one night, and its sweet purple flowers were drooping. But there were pinks, roses, geraniums and some others. When Rose stooped down, she seemed to hear them say: "Do not break us off, we want to stay a little longer in the garden." Rose had such a tender heart, she never could refuse any one, so she said: "Well, you may have your own way. I will go to the store and buy some artificial flowers for this evening."

The moon shone very brightly that night, and looking down into the garden, she saw Jack Frost going round among Rose's flower-beds, and stopping at every flower, he touched them with his cold finger and said: "Go to sleep till winter is gone. You need not complain, you shall bloom again." They all said: "Yes," and drooped their little heads.

When Rose came into the garden in the morning, she saw what had happened. "Oh!" she said, "You did not know what was best for you. If I had had my way, you would still be living in some of my pretty vases in the parlor and

on our dining-room table. Never mind, all things must first be buried, before they can live again. Easter-tide will call you and waken your roots to new life. Good-bye till next spring."

This story may be followed by the play of "Gardener and the Flowers," in National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

SNOWDROP.

STORY OF A RABBIT.

ONCE there was a pretty white rabbit, named Mrs. Snowdrop. She belonged to a little girl named Gertrude, who had a big brother Tom. Mrs. Snowdrop lived in a wooden box with slats in front.

Once Gertrude went to feed her pet and saw some round soft balls; they were little baby-rabbits.

But Gertrude didn't touch them, because she knew Mamma Rabbit would not like it.

Baby-rabbits have no fur, just as baby-birds have no feathers. Sometimes Mamma Rabbit will kill her young, if you look at or touch them before they have fur. It is very dreadful, but they do not know any better. By and by she saw them running around. How many were there? (*Teacher holds up four fingers*); the children say, four. One named Jet, another Browny, the third Spot, the fourth Lily.

Little rabbits are full of mischief. Mamma used to tell them not to eat too much cabbage. You must eat a little bran every morning, just as children ought to eat oatmeal every morning. Brownie said she was going to eat all the

cabbage she wanted; Tom used to bring to them fresh spinach, lettuce and carrot-tops. One day Jet said to Spot, "Are you not tired of staying in this little house? look at the beautiful, large trees and the dewy green grass." But Spot said, "No, the dogs might eat us or something might happen to us. — We are tame rabbits and mustn't run wild."

Jet said "When Gertrude leaves the door open, I am going to run out, are you coming, Brownie?" "Yes!" "And Spot?" "Yes!" So one day when Gertrude was feeding them and turned away to get some carrot-tops, three naughty rabbits got out.

Gertrude felt very sorry about it.

They ran away over the hill in the moonlight, and found lots of other little wild rabbits; but the wild rabbits were afraid of Jet, Spot and Brownie, and ran to their holes.

Bye and bye they came out again and began to fight the tame rabbits. Jet and Spot cried so hard they could not wipe away their tears with their big ears. But after awhile the rabbits all became acquainted, then they played together and had a grand time. Soon they heard a rustling in the leaves and such a smelling around that the wild Mamma rabbits told their little ones to run quick to their holes, because the fox was coming. So away they scampered and hid. Spot and Jet started for home, but lost their way, and Tom's dog found them out, and Tom put them back into the box, where Lily was waiting for them.

One morning Brownie was found in the vegetable garden, sick from having eaten too much cabbage. They carried him back to the box and doctored him; but all they could do did no good, and poor Brownie died after two days.

Play "Master Hare" (page 36 "Cheerful Echoes").

LOUIS SEES THE NEW YEAR COME IN.

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

LOUIS asked his mamma if he might sit up to see the New Year come in.

"Yes," she said, "you may, but I am tired, and shall go to bed. I shall leave my door open, so as to be able to hear you, should you call me."

It was after ten o'clock, and Louis sat down on the soft rug in front of the open fire-place, after mamma had said good night. For some time he watched the crackling wood blaze, then he took his mamma's foot-rest to lean his head upon. His eyes began to blink, and his eyelids kept creeping downwards, but many times he would open them very wide and look all around. Pretty soon he heard a soft knock, the door opened gently, and an old man came slowly towards him.

"Did you look for something?" inquired Louis, who had risen from the rug.

"Yes," said the old man, "I want you to give me that package over in that corner, tied with a black ribbon."

Louis looked where the old man pointed, and was astonished to find a small package.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Oh, this bundle holds an account of all your bad actions the past year. Whenever you did not mind, or when you were angry because you could not have your own way."

"Please do not keep this bundle, let me burn it," said Louis.

"Can you burn your mother's kiss or your father's kind words, when he praises you? No, those bad feelings cannot be destroyed, but they may not weigh as heavy as

your good actions. Go, bring me that package over there."

Louis brought it, and saw that it was tied with a lovely white ribbon, upon which were painted, alternately, pink rosebuds and birds' feathers.

"What is in this bundle?" he inquired.

"Every time you minded cheerfully, and tried to save your dear mother trouble, it was written down," replied the old man, weighing it in his right hand against the other package in his left. "You see the good deeds are the heaviest." He then put the bundle with the black ribbon into the bag on his back, and the other one into a basket on his arm.

"There is another little package," the old man said, pointing to another corner. Yes, there was one tied with black ribbon. "This has in it every time you told things to excuse yourself that were not quite true, and when you were unkind to others."

Slowly and sadly Louis handed it to the old man.

"Do not feel so badly," said he, "There is a nice large package over there; see how many times you have been a kind, generous boy, and how many times you were brave and told the truth."

The last bundle, tied with white ribbon, was double the size of the other. Just after the bundles were stowed away, the door burst open.

"Happy New-Year!" cried a joyous voice, and in came a lovely young man with a shining face and long golden hair. The old man crept out.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried Louis.

"What is the matter," said mamma, kissing him.

"I saw the New Year," he replied, looking all around. "Oh, where did he go?"

"You did?" mamma said, patting him on the cheek. "Tell me all about it."

Louis told her all he had seen.

"What a beautiful dream," she said, "let us take warning, and see that our good bundles far outweigh the bad ones."

The children love this story, and in connection with it learn the verse: —

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, and he sees the evil and the good."

THE WISE LITTLE FINGER.

ONE day the fingers were all quarreling, and each one said he was of more consequence than his brother.

"Hold on, I am the strongest," said the stout little thumb, "you cannot do anything without me; I can do more work than four of you put together, so you ought to let me be your captain."

"That may be," said the fore-finger, "but who is it that points out everything worth seeing? I can tell fine things from coarse ones, and am never satisfied unless I am busy."

"What manners!" cried out the middle finger; "I am the tallest and the smartest, I think."

Gold-finger now spoke up and said, "There must be some good reason why I am always dressed in gold and precious stones, and I imagine I must be of more importance than the rest of you."

The little finger kept quiet, and took no part in this quarrel.

"Why don't you speak," the others said to him, "aren't you of any use in the world?" He then replied, —

"I did not make myself. The good Lord has made me for some use, the same as He has made you. There is nothing made in this world that is not of some use. If

every one does the best he can in the place that is given him to fill, it is all that is expected of him."

The others listened to what he said, and after thinking about it, they said that though he was the smallest he was of as much importance as any of them.

MISS SWALLOWTAIL.

W. H. S.

ONE bright spring-morning a little butterfly woke from a long winter's nap and found herself shut up in such a wee bit of a cradle, that she could not stretch out her legs nor open her wings that were folded closely about her. She could not even lift her head to look at the sunshine and the flowers.

She wriggled and turned and she bumped her poor little head up and down, until she succeeded in pushing off a little door, that left a three-cornered opening extending from above her head to a point below her heart; and then she crawled out on the fence to which the cradle was fastened. But her wings were damp and heavy, and she stood shivering and trembling; although she had six legs, she felt as if she could not stand, having never before carried her weight. But fresh air, even if it is cold, brings strength. So she soon felt like trying to walk. At first it was slow work, but she finally reached a sunny spot, where she dried and warmed herself, giving her wings a little shake now and then until they opened grandly above her back. And how beautiful they were. Dark brown bordered with two rows of yellow spots; and there were seven blue spots on each of the hind wings. Her name was Papilio Asterias, but she was generally known as Miss Swallowtail, because each of her hind wings ended in a long point, something

like the tail of a swallow. As she stood there in the sun a little wind came along and raised her off her feet. She spread her wings to keep from falling and floated in the air.

It proved such a delightful way of moving, that she lifted her wings occasionally and so kept herself floating, and in a short time she learned to turn in any direction she chose. As she flew along, growing stronger every minute, she was attracted by the bright colors of a flower and stopped to admire it.

Its sweet perfume tempted her to taste, and unrolling her long tongue from under her chin, where she carried it, she put it down into the flower and drew up the honey hidden there. Then flying to another flower she came across a butterfly almost like herself. "Good morning," said Mr. Swallowtail, for that was his name, "is this your first morning among the flowers?" Miss Swallowtail nodded a yes, as she balanced herself on the edge of a pink verbena; then spying a honeysuckle creeping up a tree, she flew to it to taste the sweets she felt sure of finding there. But alas, for Miss Swallowtail. Sir Robin Redbreast stood on the limb of a tree singing to Lady Robin, as she sat on her nest of eggs. He had taken rather a scanty breakfast that morning, for he had given all the fattest bugs and worms to his lady. Now, thought he, that butterfly will make me a nice morsel! and he darted towards her. Now butterflies have wonderful eyes; if you will look at them through a microscope you will find that each of their eyes contains a great many smaller ones that can see in all directions. So they are able to discover the approach of any enemy in their rear. They have a great need of them, because there are so many hungry birds and other creatures that want to eat them. So when Robin came flying down behind Miss Swallowtail, and was just going to pick her up in his bill, away she went over the fence into the next yard.

Robin quickly followed, for he was not going to lose such a tempting piece of meat. But she was such an airy little body, hardly heavier than a feather, that she could fly much faster than Robin, who was a great fat fellow. Many a time when he had almost caught her, she turned first to one side, then to the other so suddenly, it made him fairly dizzy to follow. Frightened and tired, she finally lit on a tree, and closing her wings up over her back to hide those bright spots and only showing the dull-colored sides of them, she looked so much like the bark of a tree, that Robin lost sight of her and turned sadly home. Miss Swallowtail spent many a happy day after that, flitting from flower to flower, though she had a number of narrow escapes from time to time; and one day a kitten struck her to the ground with its paw, nearly breaking her wing.

She made her escape however, and lived to become Mrs. Swallowtail; but she was just as tiny a body the day she was married as on the day she was born, for butterflies never grow any. She had a large family of children before the summer was gone. But what is very strange, she never saw her own children, or if she did see them, she never took notice of them, nor they of her.

They came out of the tiniest of eggs; but she did not do as the birdies do, sit on the eggs until they were hatched, and then feed and care for the birdies until they were old enough to care for themselves. Not she! Butterflies are not going to burden themselves in that way.

One day a whiff of celery from a garden near by reminded her of the time when she was a baby and liked to eat celery. So she flew over into the garden and fastened her eggs to a celery-plant with some glue that she carried with her. Then she left them and never thought of them again.

In about ten days the babies that had been growing inside of the eggs broke open the shells and crawled out.

And what do you think they were? Butterflies like their papa and mamma, only very much smaller? No indeed! for you know butterflies never grow any larger. They were the smallest green and black worms you ever saw. As soon as they were out of the shells they began to eat the celery, and grew so fast that in a week they were quite large worms.

They were covered with yellow stripes and black bands dotted with yellow. They each had sixteen short legs, and they had a flesh-colored kind of a horn hidden away under a fold above the head, that they would show, when they were disturbed. The horns gave out such a disagreeable odor, I should not think any bird would eat the worms; but birds eat dreadful things.

One morning the gardener discovered that something was eating his celery. He could not allow that; so, searching among the leaves, he found all but one of Mrs. Swallowtail's babies, and put them where they could do no more mischief.

One day the little worm that had escaped the gardener's notice, had grown so fat, he was too stupid to eat any more, so he crawled away to a dark place on the fence, with a white silken carpet, that he wove from a web which he drew from his underlip. Then he fastened the end of his tail to the carpet. He then glued the end of the web higher up on the carpet, carried the rest of it up over his breast and down on the other side and fastened there. He passed his mouth several times over it, making it stronger by adding more silk and some glue.

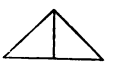
He then bent his head down under it, letting it pass over his head, and by bending forward and backward, worked it down near the middle of his back. After examining his work all over, he bent his head forward upon his breast and leaned against the fence. After resting two days, he *began* a series of twistings and turnings that burst open

his skin from the corners of his mouth down a short way, and worked it off himself, down to his tail.

He drew his head in out of sight and sent out a horn each side of it, and lo! no worm was to be seen, but a yellowish cradle like the one his mother was sleeping in when we first found her.

He had made his own cradle too, or it had been growing under his pretty skin. He is inside of it though, and now he is called a chrysalis. While he is sleeping there he will change into a beautiful butterfly, just like his Mamma and Papa Swallowtail.

The butterfly is made by folding the paper from edge to edge and corner to corner, the regular fundamental folds. Lay the corners



upon each other, so as to hide the horizontal fold. We then fold two of the right and left slanting edges to the centre. It is folded in the middle, and our butterfly has its wings folded, so as to show the plain underside. When we hold it by the projecting small triangle, it flutters. The children can march out, and on tiptoe run singing a butterfly song. We sometimes take strips or small disks of colored paper to paste on the butterfly to give it a still more natural appearance.

SQUIRREL.

Whisky friskey hippety hop!
Up he goes to the tree-top.
Furly, curly round and round,
Down it tumbles to the ground.
Furly curly, what a tail!
Tall as a feather, broad as a sail!
Where is his supper?
In the shell!
Snappy, cracky, out it fell.

CHARLIE'S GARDEN.

CHARLIE'S father had a very fine garden, and Patrick, who was a skilful gardener, took care of it. Every morning he watered the plants and loosened the earth about their roots. One day, as Charlie stood watching Patrick, he thought how nice it would be if he could have a little garden of his own. When his father came home to dinner Charlie asked him if he might have a garden.

"Yes," said his father, "if you will take care of it yourself; Patrick cannot help you at all, but I will give you a nice little set of garden tools."

"Oh, thank you," said Charlie "that will be lovely."

For a week or so he took great pains with his garden, watered the flowers every morning before school, and pulled up the weeds. But one morning he felt in a great hurry to get to school, because Willie, who was one of Charlie's schoolmates, was going to bring a new top to school, so off he ran without weeding his garden. The next morning he said to himself, "to-morrow I will give my garden a good weeding."

To-morrow came and the garden was forgotten; several days passed and Saturday came; then Charlie suddenly thought of his flowers and onion bed. The weeds had grown so thick and large that Charlie saw that he would have to work a long time to pull them all up.

"I wish I never had to work; I wish Patrick could help me; but papa said that I must do it myself, so I might as well begin, but I wish I had not asked for a garden, it is so much work."

He worked away and finally almost all the weeds were pulled up; only a few were left. One was so large that Charlie had to take both hands to it and plant his feet

firmly on the ground, pulling with all his strength. It came up with such a jerk that he tumbled right over backwards. The root left a great hole in the ground. Charlie felt quite stunned by his fall. He sat looking at the hole and thought he saw something coming out of it. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, sure enough, there stood a little lady; she was all bent over and had a hooked nose and a peaked chin; she beckoned to Charlie with her finger and said, —

"Come, come with me."

Down the hole she went, and down with her went Charlie. It was so dark that Charlie could not see the way. He held fast to the old lady's hand, and soon they came out to a beautiful garden. Roses and violets were blooming everywhere, and all around was one large tract covered with white sand all ready to play with.

"Here," said the old lady, "is a nice garden for you to play in, and you will not have any work at all to do."

After thanking the old lady, Charlie began to dig in the sand. He made all sorts of wells, cakes and pies, and at last he made some little hills around a little garden. I must pick one of these violets and lilies for my mother, he thought; so off he ran to pick them, and stooped down to smell them; but what do you think? they were only paper flowers, and they had no smell at all!

"Dear me," said Charlie to himself, "this is very strange, — violets and roses made of paper with no scent to them; and I am beginning to be hungry, too. I wish I had some bread and butter."

Just then he saw the old lady; so he ran up to her, and asked her if he could have a slice of bread and butter.

"What!" exclaimed the old lady, — "bread? and who do you think would make bread for us? This is the land

of Idleness. We do not do any work here. Who do you think would plough the ground, plant the wheat, thresh it, grind it and make it into nice flour for us? And butter too? Goodness, child, do you know how much work it takes to make butter? There is no one here to take the cows out to pasture, nor is there any one to milk them, care for the milk and do the churning. Who wants to sit by a churn and work, work till the butter comes? then where in the world would we get salt to put in the butter after we had pressed all the buttermilk out of it? Do you think it is play to dig in the mountains for salt? No, no, here we do not have bread and butter. If we do not work you know we ought not to have anything to eat; only tramps expect to eat without working."

"Well, if I can not have anything to eat, please may I lie down, I am so tired."

"Tired! now I know you are a tramp, you are tired and have not done any work. Well, if you must lie down and rest, you will have to take the sand for a bed. It is too hard work to cut down trees for wood, and then plane the wood and make it into nice boards for beds and other furniture."

"This is not such a nice place after all," sighed Charlie, and the tears began to roll down his cheeks.

"Charlie! Charlie!" called some one. — "Wake up, wake up!" said his father, taking hold of his hand. Charlie sat up and stared about.

"Why," he began, "where are the roses and the old lady?"

"Come," said his father, "you have been dreaming· dinner is ready."

"Well, I am glad," said Charlie, "I found out that you are right. It is much nicer to work; and I am not going to be a tramp any more, as the old lady called me."

"Why, my dear, what do you mean?" said his father.

So Charlie told him all about his dream, and his father laughed at the funny old lady.

"She was right, Charlie," he said; "those who do not work, ought not to have nice things to eat, nor to have real flowers."

After that Charlie's garden was well taken care of, and even Patrick said that his roses were far sweeter than those in the large garden.

THE DISCONTENTED BROOKLET.

ONE day the children in our kindergarten begged me to tell them a story. "Well, what shall it be about? To-day is the day when we talk *not* about dolls, or houses, or parties, but about things in nature, like the sun, the flowers, the brooks or the mountains. You have heard the story of the beautiful crystal-palace made of salt under the ground, of Joseph's well, of lame little Charlie, who dreamed of being taken in a boat to Dreamland, where he was perfectly strong and well. Would you like to hear what a little wave told me? and then we can play the boatman rowing merrily over the waves; or sing* "On the water, on the water."

"Yes, yes, please tell us about the little wave."

Well, one summer-day I was sitting in the shade of a fine tree at Ocean Grove watching the little waves dancing and splashing against the shore, glistening like burnished gold in the sun. I heard a soft murmur, and this is what it told me:

* Cheerful Echoes.

My home is in a beautiful mountain near a small cottage in which lived a boy with his father and mother. I was almost covered with pretty ferns and mosses, for I was so small you could hardly see me, except when the sun made me shine like a looking-glass. I had a merry time of it, for the little boy would often throw red berries and pebbles to me, or give me his little yellow curls to play with. You might think such a little streamlet as I was ought to be afraid of the great dark mountains over my head; and I sometimes heard people say, "The mountains are frowning;" but they were always kind to me, and grateful for the cooling drink I gave to the mosses and roots of trees on the mountain-side. It seems as if I might have continued happy and contented, with lovely meadows before me, and the cowbells' sweet music every day chiming in with the cheery song of many birds. But you have heard of the little children wanting to see places and things that grown people visit; well, as I grew larger I wanted to get away to see the beautiful ocean, which Tommy was always talking about, with its great ships and graceful little row-boats. During the day the sun smiled upon me so sweetly I would forget my fretting, but at night I would blink up to the stars and beg them to tell me something about the ocean, for of course such a tiny mountain-brook could know nothing about it. One day the wind blew very hard all around me, and I heard it saying strange things about carrying me perhaps faster than I liked. The rain began to pour down from dark clouds, that seemed very near me. The earth all around me, which formed my little bed, was loosened; it broke away, and down I tumbled, rollicking, jumping, dancing, half frightened, half crazy with pleasure to get away from my pleasant prison bars. Other little mountain streams came dancing down. I joined them,

growing larger all the time, with a dim feeling of hope that perhaps I was on my way to the great ocean. "Yes," I heard them whisper, "we'll soon be a great river, and flow into a lake." And I did; it was a lovely lake, and I certainly had many happy days.

Yet I still longed to be part of the great ocean, and often at night I would whisper to the little gold-fishes to please show me the way out. "Then follow us," they said; "there is a little place over there, away off where the willow-boughs are drooping into the lake." Then I grew very wild; the wind blew very hard for four days after I had found the little opening, and helped me in my raging, tearing, and roaring. I tore up the earth, making my bed larger and larger after leaving the lake; I wound in and out, breaking little rustic bridges and tearing up the flowers by the roots, and even many trees, frightening everybody wherever I went. At last I reached a lovely valley. The clouds all broke away and the golden sun danced over me, and away off I saw a glorious rainbow. But sweetest of all, I heard some children singing a sweet hymn in a distant chapel. Then I began to feel ashamed of having been so wild and furious. I thought I too ought to sing praises to God who makes the world so beautiful, and has a good use for everything in it. I certainly felt sorry for having been so impatient and restless, and I murmured to myself, "I will work away and travel patiently from day to day, as many miles as God thinks best, before I reach the great ocean."

I grew very gentle and patient, some people and children even called me pretty with the branches of trees reflected in me. The birds sang for me, the stars and all nature seemed to smile and nod to me, and I never fretted any

more as to where I was going to, but cheerily did what I had to do.

One day the grand old ocean lay before me. I could see it below, some distance away. I knew I should be there in one hour more, but I still was quiet and patient. I felt more like singing than dashing away, for I knew it was waiting for me with open arms.

And now you see me a little wave on the Ocean. I play against the rocks, and tell my story to any one who wishes to listen to it. I am happy, the world above me is beautiful, and what a strange beautiful world below! Whenever I see a rainbow, it makes me think of the one I saw in the valley after my wild race, which taught me to be patient and thank God for all His blessings.

With this story the children may have the occupation of interlacing slats. Two of them form the brook when only *one* space (or inch) apart, running horizontal, parallel to each other. *Two* spaces apart they have a river; *four* spaces apart it represents the stream; still wider, the lake; and the whole width of the table they have the ocean. They may repeat this on the blackboard or the slate. Some of the children will be sure to try to draw fishes in the space. The boats of the paper-folding may be brought into play with this lesson.

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

MARY lived in the country. One day in June she asked her mamma, if she might go to gather some wild strawberries in the woods near by.

"Yes," mamma said, "but do not stay long, as it looks like rain."

Sure enough, just as Mary had picked her basket full, and was on her way home, she heard a loud thunderclap and pitter, patter, down came the rain. Mary stepped under a tree to wait until the rain should stop. All at once she heard something crying "Bah, bah, bah!" She stooped down and looked among the bushes, and there she found a very small lamb, hardly able to walk. She took it into her arms, covered it with her apron, for it was shivering, and ran home.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed when she reached home, "just see the cunning little lamb I found, may I have it for my own?"

"Why Mary, this lamb and its mother belong to some one. If you had lost a lamb, you would not want any one to keep it, you would want them to find out who lost it, and bring it back to you."

Mary looked sad.

"I will tell you what you ought to do with this lamb," said Thomas, the hired man, who was sawing wood by the open window in the yard. "Let me have it; I will kill it for your Sunday dinner, and you give me one leg of it."

"No indeed," cried Mary, "I would much rather give it back to the farmer who lost it."

As soon as the sun shone again, Mary took the lamb in a little basket up the hill to farmer White, to inquire if he had lost a lamb. He was standing by his door. When he saw Mary coming, he cried: "Who is this little girl coming to see us, and what has she got for me?"

Mary showed him the lamb, and told him that she thought perhaps he had lost it.

"Come in," he said, leading her kindly by the hand, "You are widow Green's little girl, and you found this little thing in the rain." He called his wife in and said, "Is'nt she a nice honest little lady, trying to find who lost this little lamb, when she wants it so badly herself? But you see, if I give it to you now, it will die. It needs its mother a few weeks longer. When it begins to eat meal and grass, then I will send my son Robert down to bring it to you."

Mrs. White took Mary's basket and put into it some fresh eggs and butter for her mamma, and covered it with some grape-leaves.

Mary felt very happy when she went home. After two months Robert brought her the lamb. She tied a blue ribbon around its neck, and many nice plays did they have together. Everywhere that Mary went the lamb was sure to go.*

THE MONKEY TRYING TO BE A MAN.

ONE day the animals were holding a council together in the woods, as to whom they would choose for their master.

"We don't want man to be our master any longer; we would rather have one of ourselves to rule over us."

"I think I ought to be your master," said the monkey: "I have hands, and can walk like a man, and you will find out that I know about as much."

It was decided that he should go and watch some people, in order to prepare himself for this high place. If you had seen him sitting in a tree, watching Adam and Eva and their children with a serious and important face, you would have thought, what he cannot learn, no one else can.

* We have made a play of the verses in our kindergarten.

As animals also need a shelter in bad weather, his first duty was to learn to build. He watched carefully, and saw Adam take an axe and cut down some trees, trim them nicely and make them into posts and beams which he fitted into a comfortable cottage.

"I can do that fast enough," cried the monkey, "if that is all."

As soon as he had reached his friends, he cried, "Now you shall see what a great builder I am."

He pulled up a young tree by the roots, and struck with it to the right and left, not minding where he struck, so that the animals had a great time to dodge him, and keep from getting hit. The trees did not mind his blows, but kept quietly standing, and the animals all laughed. The monkey got angry and made awful faces at them, and said to himself, "You may laugh all you want to; I am smarter than you are, and after I am made ruler over you, I will make you pay for laughing at me."

Soon after that he wanted to learn how to plant and reap. He saw the man take a spade, lean upon it and dig up the dirt; then later he saw him throw seeds upon the loose ground, from which corn and wheat were to grow.

"That is easy enough," laughed the monkey to himself; "Who cannot do that?"

He thought it would be very smart to carry off the man's spade and his empty bag, and so he rushed with them to the woods.

"Come, come," he cried from a long way off, "now you shall see what a fine farmer I am."

He took the spade upside down, and leaned his hand heavily on the sharp edge which ought to have been down, and lo, he cut his hand so that he made the blood run. He made a dreadful grimace, while he threw the

spade far from him. Fortunately the dog was there, and licked his wounds so as to ease the pain. Then the monkey said:

"What is the use of digging — the sowing of the seed is the main thing." So he took his bag, and as it was empty he filled it with sand and stones, and threw them vigorously about him, not without hitting some of the animals on their heads and in their eyes. After they had wiped their eyes well, they saw that their new master was only throwing sand into their eyes, and that no food would ever grow from that; so they shook their heads in doubt and turned their backs on him.

In the third week the monkey thought he would like to learn how to cook, for it was getting cool weather, and the animals thought warm soup would taste very nice. So the monkey watched the man getting dry brush and sticks into a pile, and saw the woman hang a kettle over it, into which meat, water, potatoes, and salt had been put. They brought a piece of burning brush out of the hut, with which they lighted the fire, and soon the soup was boiling.

"That is the way, ha, ha!" laughed the monkey, and jumping down, he grabbed a piece of the burning brush and sprang towards the woods. "Who is hungry?" he cried. "To-day you shall feast and lick your chops. Quick, you hounds!" he cried. "Get me some dry sticks."

These were brought, and soon a bright fire was burning. When it began to flag a little he blew into it, so that the sparks flew all around and scorched the fur of some of the animals near. "No matter, nothing can be had without some trouble. All is well that ends well!"

Then he took a very large leaf and fastened its ends to two sticks over the fire, put with his hollow hand some

water from a brooklet near by, and put into it some weeds. "Just you wait," he cried to the dogs and cats, whose tongues were all ready for the feast. But just then the leaf shrivelled up, the water put the fire out, and the soup was gone.

The animals were much displeased, especially the oxen, and no one wanted to listen to him any longer.

"Are you not ashamed?" the monkey screamed. "Who wants to become discouraged so easily? If we do not learn it, our children will, especially if we bring them up right. Just let me go and see how they bring up their children."

They all gave their consent, and soon he was watching near the hut once more. He noticed that sometimes when the smallest cried, the mother put a blanket around it, put it into a wicker cradle, and pushed it with her hand till it went to sleep. He saw her kiss the older children sometimes when they were good, and sometimes she would give them a whipping when they did not mind her.

The monkey looked on with extreme satisfaction. "Yes," he said to himself, "in training children no one shall excel me. I understand it thoroughly, but nothing can be done without a blanket." He saw a red one hanging quite near upon an apple-tree. He tied it like a flag to a long pole, and returned with flying colors.

"Just bring me all your babies," he cried, "in one hour they will have finished their education."

They all brought their little ones: calves, colts, lambs, puppies, kittens, kids, and many others. But the noise they made was not so cunning. The little pigs especially made a fearful squealing.

"I will soon teach you to be still, you noisy things," he cried. He caught the little pigs and laid them in the

blanket, then tying up the corners firmly as if it were a bundle of clothes, he hung the bundle on the branch of a tree and pushed it vigorously, in imitation of a mother rocking a cradle, — so vigorously that it fell to the ground, where the little pigs lay very still indeed.

"You see," he cried, "that is what I have learned." But now you shall see my skill with your older children. He made the young creatures all form a circle around him. First he looked at each one very seriously, then went and kissed each one with his thick ugly lips and caressed their faces. "Now, see the masterpiece," he cried as he stretched out his long arms and struck each one a blow which made them set up a screaming while the colts bolted away. Meanwhile the mother of the little pigs had been looking anxiously at her babies, and found that they were all dead.

All the animals concluded that they did not want such a silly, vain creature for their master, who thought that because he could imitate man, and had some resemblance to him, that he could be a man.

The animals made up their minds that they would only be ruled by one who was much superior to them in reason, and fit to be their master. But the monkey still hopes to become their king in time, so he keeps imitating man all he can without any sense or reason, while he really is less wise, less industrious, and less provident than even the little bee or ant. There is no doubt that with all his imitation he will always remain a monkey.

THE MISSION OF FLOWERS.

God might have made the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,
The oak-tree and the cedar-tree
Without a flower at all.

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth.

To comfort man, and whisper hope
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers,
Will much more care for Him.

WILLIE'S KITE.

It was Willie's seventh birthday. When he had eaten his breakfast, Papa asked him to come into the sitting-room. There he saw a lovely kite, just what he had been wanting for such a long time. A jolly clown was painted on the canvas. Willie wanted to go out at once to let it fly, but mamma told him he must wait till after school. Willie told all his schoolmates to come and see him fly his new kite in Mt. Vernon Square. They all came and watched Willie unrolling the ball of string. There was a good breeze, and the kite danced up, higher and higher. Willie had hard work to keep hold. The jolly clown was bound to get away.

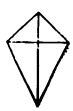
"I do not want to be tied to any string. I want to guide myself," that is what he seemed to say as he tugged and pulled at Willie's string as hard as he could.

Just then a strong gust of wind helped him to give a

hard pull; and it got away, dancing gaily and swiftly out of sight.

Willie ran home crying. Mamma comforted him and said that it could not get very far, as the wind was going down, and the kite would have a fall. So Willie with some of his little friends went out to see if they might find it. They met some of the other boys, who told them that they saw it come down on a telegraph pole. Sure enough, they soon spied it, but the clown was jolly no longer. The pole had gone right through his face, and now he looked like an old rag. A kind workman climbed up and brought the kite down. Willie's papa had a nice new canvas put on the frame of the kite, with a soldier-boy painted on, who was brave, and knew it was best for him to be guided. In the summer-time, Willie took it with him to the country, where he had many good times with his kite.

This story may be told when the children have paper-folding and make the kite. The square of paper lies cornerways before the child, after the diagonal fold has been made for a guide. Now the right and left edges are folded to meet at this central fold; a piece of worsted is sewed through the sharp angle, and the kite is completed.



Older children call this a trapezium.

SRINGTIME.

When gentle Spring comes smiling,
Old winter flies away;
His snowy-cloak he wraps in haste,
He dares no longer stay;
Then all the seeds that are buried deep
In their dark and chilly beds
Wake up, wake up, from their winter's sleep,
And lift their tiny heads.

Come up to the warm, bright sunshine,
Come up to find the light;
'Tis dark and chilly here below,
Come up to the world so bright!
Then upwards to the world they go,*
A long and weary way,
Until at the end of their journey slow
They burst into the day.

Oh, how the streams are singing!
Dancing their way along!
To the sky above are winging
The birds with happy song;
The leaves are rustling in the trees,
By dancing branches whirled;
The grass is waving in the breeze; —
'Tis Springtime's happy world.

STORY OF BUZZY.

W. H. S.

[To be told when a little natural history lesson is to be given, a bee's cradle or hexagon having been made, with any one of the kindergarten gifts or occupations.]

ONCE there was a little bee named Buzzie, who lived in a garden full of beautiful flowers. His mamma's name was Mrs. Queen, and she had more children than she could count. Buzzie had more than three thousand brothers, and not one little sister. As Mrs. Queen was the only lady in the house, and many of her children were too little to help themselves, she used to call on Buzzie's elder brothers to help make the cribs for the baby bees; and then, too, they often had to feed the little ones. Each little baby bee had a crib all by himself, and as all the cribs had six sides, and were made of wax, you may know

* Children suit the action to the words.

that every one had to do all he could to make up the beds. Some of Buzzie's brothers, though, were lazy: they would *not* work. They flew and crawled about, and ate honey. When Buzzy was first born, he did not look at all like the bees you have seen. He was a little white worm, with large, white eyes; and his mouth was like a caterpillar's. In his sides were ten little holes, for him to breathe through; for Buzzy couldn't breathe through his mouth. For seven days he lived in this queer little body, in the crib where his mother, Mrs. Queen, had put him. After a week had passed, something very strange happened. Some of the old bees told Buzzy to creep into a warm, snug corner, and go to sleep. He was glad enough to mind them, for he felt tired and sick. Then the little brothers covered him all up — head and eyes and body — with nice, clean wax. He stayed in his little six-sided crib, feeling very quiet and sleepy, for ten days. At the end of that time, Buzzy's brothers thought he had rested long enough, and they took off the wax sheets and blankets they had fastened him up with, and gave him something to eat. He was glad to get it, for he was very hungry, after sleeping ten days; and then he began to grow. Instead of the poor little white worm that had gone to sleep in the six-sided crib, he found he had a new suit of clothes of many colors, growing out all over him, and that he was changed into a bee, with white, gauzy wings. First he began scraping the wax off his body; then he looked at himself all over; then he walked about a little, to see if his legs were all right. But the things that pleased him most, were his wings. He lifted them up and down, and shook them; for he wasn't quite sure what they were for. The next morning his mamma asked if he wouldn't like to go out into the sunshine. She said that most of the other

bees had some work to do, to prepare food for winter, and that if Buzzy wanted to, he could help them. The young bee was glad enough at the thought of seeing the flowers, and feeling the bright sunshine; so off he flew with his brothers.

They went first to some morning-glories. Buzzy lighted on a bright blue one, and stood looking about, rather puzzled; for he didn't know how to begin the work. Very quickly one of his kind older brothers came to him and said: "See how I do it; now you had better try. I turn my tongue over and over, and get out all the flower-juice, which is called nectar." Then Buzzy tried, and was delighted to find that he had a long tongue, which would reach away down into the flower-cup. He thought he had never tasted anything so sweet as the nectar that the morning-glory gave him. So he flew to another blossom, and tried to get juice from that; but this time he threw back his head quickly, and flew to his brother and hummed out, "O Appy, look! my head is all covered with yellow dust — see! it's on my pretty wings, too. Oh! brush it off! That's not a clean flower; I'm going to another."

Appy said, "O little brother, how many things you have to learn! You don't seem to know that that yellow powder is 'bee-bread;' the gardener calls it pollen, and it is from that we large bees make the wax beds, which hold our honey."

"Oh! but it sticks to my hair, and I don't like it," said Buzzy.

"Why, Buzzy, that's what our hair is for. We just scrape it off, then carry it home in the baskets in our hind legs."

"Have I baskets in my legs too?" asked Buzzy. He lifted one of his back legs, and there he found a little

triangular kind of spoon, just like the old bee's. He watched his brothers take the powder off their heads with their front legs; from these they passed it to the middle pair, and then carefully packed the little baskets in the back legs.

By this time it was nearly noon, and Buzzy thought it time for his own work to begin; for he didn't mean to be an idler. So he went to another blossom, and tried hard to get a load of dust; and though he spilled a good deal on the ground, and tore many pretty flowers, he succeeded pretty well; and never was there a happier bee than Buzzy, when he reached the hive with his first present to his Queen mother. Mrs. Queen showed him how to mix the powder with some juices which he got out of his own body, and soon he had made a pretty little wax-box with six sides, as even and as neatly done as any little cell could be.

Then his mamma told him he ought to get some juice from the flowers to make some honey to fill his box. So the little "busy bee" flew back to the same morning-glory vine. He had found so many nice things there, he thought it was the best place to go. When he got there, he found the flowers had all gone to sleep, and he couldn't get anything from them. He looked about to see what he should do, and quickly spied some sweet clover-blossoms. He wanted to carry a large load this time, and he worked so hard he didn't see that the sky was growing quite cloudy and dark. Presently it began to rain. He was very much frightened, but he crept down under the leaves till he was sheltered by them, and waited patienty till the storm was over. As soon as the rain stopped, and the sun shone out, Buzzy flew home. As he came near his hive, he saw a great cloud of bees flying here and there; and he began

to think something was wrong. The air was full of bees, and all seemed too busy and anxious to speak to Buzzy. At last he managed to make one of them hear, while he asked what was the matter?

"Oh! dear Buzzy," said the big bee, "can't you see? don't you know what has happened? A great storm of wind came up, and blew Mrs. Queen's house over into the pond; and that isn't the worst — they think poor dear Mrs. Queen is drowned!"

When poor Buzzy heard this sad news, he forgot about his precious load — he dropped it, and squeezed through the crowd of uncles and cousins and brothers, until he reached his mamma. He tried, with the rest, to bathe her head, and fan her with his wings; then they gave her tiny drops of the sweetest honey. Soon they were all made happy by seeing their Queen open her eyes and move her wings. She slowly got on her feet; and when they saw that she could walk a little, they flew off a little way, so that the sun could warm and dry her. In a short time Mrs. Queen was as well as ever; but as their house was in the pond, they all thought it would be best to sleep that night in a tree. So Mrs. Queen flew to a large chestnut-tree which stood in a corner of the garden, and chose a nice, large bough. Then all the bees flew close behind, settling one on top of the other, till there were so many clinging to each other, that it seemed as if a large black log of wood was hanging to the bough.

And they slept there as quietly as if they were at home; and when the moon rose, and the soft wind moved the branch gently, Buzzy dreamed that he was being rocked to sleep on a morning-glory, and that he had for pillow little wax-beds filled with honey.

THIRD PART.

THE KINDERGARTEN IN THE NURSERY.

A

COURSE OF LECTURES

TO

MOTHERS, GOVERNESSES, AND NURSERY MAIDS.

THE KINDERGARTEN IN THE NURSERY.

LECTURE No. I.

CONSIDERATION OF THE BEST PHYSICAL AND SOUL NOURISHMENT OF THE INFANT. — HOW TO MANUFACTURE AND INTRODUCE THE BALL.

THE time seems to have come for us to lay aside old and inefficient methods of every kind, and eagerly grasp at the new and joyous method of training the rising generation in a better way than we have been trained ourselves.

Who can describe the enthusiasm, the delight of those who recognize the fact, that Frederick Froebel, the originator of the kindergarten system of education, by devoting fifty years of his life to study out the demands of child-life in its threefold capacity, of its physical, intellectual and spiritual nature, and practically demonstrating and carrying out his ideas on the subject, has given us the key to unlock to us the precious boon, which will make life so much more joyous and valuable to all, and reduce to a large extent the amount of human suffering and misery surrounding us?

"My whole life as a mother, my relations to my own children and humanity in general, have become so essentially enlightened and awakened to activity, my spirit has been nourished with such strengthening and refreshing food, that I am able to bear joyful testimony, that if

Froebel's system of education is carried out with a clear comprehension, the effect upon child-life will be most happy and progressive in the family circle, as well as in the kindergarten." This testimony comes from Mrs. Lina Morgenstern, the President of the Women's Union in Berlin, and for a number of years superintendent of a kindergarten there. I am able to add, that by adopting this method of education in accordance with nature, the services of the physician can in a great measure be dispensed with. Froebel's system of education, applied to early childhood, not only supplies the proper material and opportunities for the innate mental powers, which, like leaves and buds, press forward, impelling children to activity with so much the more energy the more freely they are supplied; but at the same time it also preserves children from the harm of civilization, which furnishes poison as well as food, temptation as well as elevation, and children must be kept from these dangers until their mental powers have grown equal to protect them. Very much of the success and benefit of the kindergarten training is invisible at the time. It is negative and consists in preventing harm. Then again its positive success is so simple, that it cannot be expected in the beginning to attract more attention or notice than, for instance, the valuable services of the family physician, whose exertions are directed to preserving the health of the household.

The first thing requisite for us to do, says Froebel, is to throw aside the fallacious notion, that a babe is not much above an animal by nature. On the contrary, a child is a living soul from the first, a person endowed by a divine nature and with a heart which appreciates and responds to love on one hand, while at the same time it is intimately related to nature on the other. But body and soul, or

the mind and its organs, seem at first only one, and bodily wants express themselves at first exclusively. The organs have to gain strength before the soul can use them, and through their development the soul itself grows. Every bodily impression is also a soul impression, and the younger the child, the stronger is the impression made upon it. As yet, the external is mightier than they are themselves, and they readily adopt the manners, habits, moods and disposition of the attendants.

As in a physical, so in an intellectual and moral point of view, ignorance or thoughtlessness on the part of the parent or nurse may do an infinite amount of harm, and carry its baneful consequences through a lifetime.

It is a solemn fact, that some of our best educated men, our deepest thinkers, have to fight against impressions which they received perhaps from some ignorant nurse during childhood. It is through the senses the young soul receives its first impressions and nourishment for the growth of the mind.

As the nature and quality of the child's first bodily nourishment is of the greatest importance, to build up the material frame, and give it the right foundation for a strong and healthy body, endowed with vitality and power to resist and overcome privations and sickness in future years — so is the child's first soul-nourishment of equal importance. The development of the soul depends in a great measure not only upon the full development of the limbs, the senses, and the organs, but upon the means by which they are developed. And there is no doubt in the minds of all those who have studied Froebel's works, his life, and his system of nourishing, as we might call it, the human being, to help it attain the full stature of health, activity and happiness, that we were destined to enjoy,

but that he has gone deeper into the science of education than any other man.

The first grade of kindergarten in the family consists in play tending to exercise the muscles and limbs of the body and awaken a taste and ear for music.

2d. Stories — mostly fables.

3d. Musical stories, similar to those of the five fingers, and others.

4th. Learning to count up to ten (or more) by means of the fingers.

5th. Education by means of pictures.

6th. Education by means of colored balls.

7th. By means of plays set to music, for exercising the muscles.

8th. Instruction and amusement with the second gift: the wooden ball, cube and cylinder.

9th. Building with the third gift of eight cubes.

10th. Building with the fourth gift of eight oblongs.

11th. Laying forms with little sticks.

12th. Playing in sand.

13th. Stringing beads.

14th. Arranging little shells.

15th. Cultivation of a little garden.

16th. Modeling in clay.

My course of Lectures to Mothers will consist in explaining the philosophical and practical reasons upon which Froebel's method of infant-training is based. In his course of lessons to mothers and nurses he has embodied the most important ideas of his educational system. It is the starting-point for an education according to nature's laws, and shows how all the germs of human endowment have to be nurtured and assisted to produce a full and healthy development.

Life is the exertion of power; and all adequate exertion is joy in existence. The child shows this in his expressions of gladness, when he presses his little feet against the mother's hands or against any object that will resist the pressure. This must be encouraged and repeated, or exercises of a similar kind encouraged, in order to strengthen the muscles of the back and legs. But the most important exercises are for the hands, as they are the most important tools of man. The more man is relieved from hand-drudgery in work by the use of machinery, the more the skill of the hand must be developed, that it may be employed in the constantly advancing works of art and industry. The hands of children among the poorer classes are mostly stiff and clumsy, still they must serve to gain daily bread. Without this early exercise the elasticity of the hand is lost in a great measure; the muscles do not gain sufficient flexibility and strength to meet the demands in the higher technics of our day. Sculptors and great performers on the piano or violin are well aware of the fact that only by constant practice in early childhood could they have overcome the technical difficulties of their arts. Then again nothing marks noble freedom more, than the free and graceful use of the hands and arms. An uneducated, neglected body and mind uses the whole arm with awkward elbow often embarrassed by not knowing how to use the hand. A teacher of elocution once expressed to me her satisfaction that people's attention was being drawn to the early exercising of the hands and arms; for she had seen young men trying so hard, while taking lessons of her, to overcome the stiffness and awkwardness of these limbs, that she felt the greatest pity for them, owing to their lack of ease and grace, which ought to be and is the birthright of every human being. Dancing-

masters consider the use of the hands and arms as the foremost of all graces in the drawing-room.

It will not only save time, but a large amount of tedious drill at a later period, if a certain amount of mechanical skill, flexibility and grace are acquired by means of play in childhood. Froebel's systematic plays not only aim at this physical training, but also at the development of mind and soul, thus preventing idleness and vacancy of mind — the worst enemy to morality and childish innocence. In Froebel's Song-Book for Mothers is contained the keynote of his method of early training in accordance with the laws of nature. I have translated quite a number of these musical plays, many of which may be found in my "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays," and in my last song-book, "Cheerful Echoes," published by DeWolfe, Fiske & Co. No intelligent mother can fail to recognize their use and value in not only giving delight to the child, but also contributing to his growth, bodily, mentally and spiritually, and that without any more outlay of time or effort than is generally given by mother or nurse to attend to the child. The difference being that the play is not simply for the purpose of pleasing the child, or to stop his fretting, but with the aim of making him more healthy and strong, more intelligent, more affectionate, and as a natural result more happy.

And here I would speak of the excuse many mothers bring forward: that they have no time to make use of *Froebel's system of infant-training.** If they will only take the trouble to find out *what it is*, they will find that they will have more time than before. For the child being

* Take the twilight, dear mother, when you can no longer see to run the machine or embroider on the garments, which, if made plainly, would save you so much worry and time, while they would be no less comfortable.

amused a short time each day with these musical plays and exercises for his limbs, will soon learn to amuse himself without any assistance, by repeating and amusing himself in the manner shown him. His self-activity is aroused by these songs and plays, and he cannot help being more uniformly happy, more contented and depending on himself for play and occupation.

How Froebel would have the soft colored ball introduced to the Baby.

Harry has awakened from his sleep. After his usual morning-bath, he always has a most refreshing nap. While he was asleep, mamma has been busy making the first toy for her darling. She took some cotton wool and wound some red worsted over it, to form into a ball, which the smallest hand can hold. With a tapestry needle she buttonhole stitched round after round with the same worsted, until it was entirely covered, and then finished it by braiding three double strands of worsted into a string for the ball. Now she hears the cooing noise of her little son, just three months old. She steals softly towards the crib, where she sees him in vain trying to lift his head from the pillow. As mamma approaches, he seems to hold his little arms towards her. She wishes to have a little talk and caressing with her pet, before showing him his new toy; but Harry's bright eyes have already espied the bright object in mamma's hand.

"What have I here for my dear boy? What is it? Touch it. How soft it is! how pretty!"

A sweet smile illumines his face, as mamma takes the string of the ball and swings it slowly to and fro, singing:

"Tic tac, tic tac."

As yet he is unable to hold it, but he follows every movement with lively interest. Soon she changes the "tic tac," to a little more vigorous movement, and sings:

"Ding dong, ding dong,"

or the direction of the ball is changed, and she says:

"Here there, here there,"
or, "Coming, going,"
or, "Forward, backward,
The little ball comes, it goes."

Although Harry does not know the meaning of these words, he is pleased with the different sounds, and more especially with the various movements. But mother has some work to do, which calls her away to another part of the room, and so, after she has supplied all his physical wants, she raises the pillows somewhat, in order to place the baby's body in a recumbent position, then places the ball-box upon the bed-spread before the child, and makes a swing for the little ball upon the lid of the wooden box in which the balls are kept, by putting the two round sticks, which came in the box, in the holes made for this purpose, and the square bar across the top to which the ball is tied. She sets the ball in motion and hastens back to her work, leaving Harry to his; for soon he is very busy trying to touch the ball. In this he succeeds after a while, which keeps the ball in motion. Care must be taken not to allow the child to become impatient with the ball which is suspended before his eyes. For as soon as his attention has become fixed by the ball, he will experience a vague desire to touch it. This desire will be expressed by struggling exertions of the entire muscular system, culminating, if not gratified, in impatient cries. The mother or nurse must always be near enough to prevent this; she will set the ball in motion, and see to it that the child can

grasp it before his impatience is provoked. Again, when she sees that the child is tired, she will remove the ball — not suddenly, but gently, and with the full consent of the child.

The little finger-play which I now give is used for each hand in turn.

Finger-Play.

(For strengthening the hands, each finger is gently moved back and forth only so long as the child likes it.)

This is the mamma kind and dear,
This is the papa standing near,
This is your uncle (or brother), see how tall,
And this is your sister (auntie) with her ball,
This is the baby, sweet and small,
These the family we'll call.*

With the last line of the song the little hands either pat together or on mother's hand. Froebel with this little play, besides giving the desired exercise, desired to strengthen the family tie.

In many other plays, even with the older children, the mother or nurse should have this end in view. The cultivation of the home affections in every case will add much to human comfort and happiness.

Arm and Wrist Exercise.

(The hand is gently moved back and forth from the wrist.)

1. Like the weathervane is going,
When the stormy winds are blowing,
Thus my little child shall learn
All in play to twist and turn.

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* Music in "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

The other hand:

2. Like the little bird is flying,
Thus my little pet is trying
With her (his) little hands to learn
All in play to twist and turn.*

(In the kindergarten the children move both hands at once.)

EDUCATIONAL RULES,

With remarks based upon practical experience and the highest medical and educational authority.

RULE 1. Be careful what habits a child acquires during the first month of his life. Do not rock or walk him to sleep, unless you wish to do it for years to come.

Nurses who have the care of the infant during the first month of his life are reponsible for a great deal of trouble to parent and child. Frequently they prefer holding the child, even when he is sound asleep, rather than sew or do any other work. When she leaves, the baby has acquired the habit of being held rather than to lie on the bed.

RULE 2. As much as possible, have regular hours for the child's sleep, as well as his play (with the mother or nurse) and his meals.

RULE 3. Avoid all loud talking and inharmonious noises in the presence of a little child; even bunches of keys or rattles should rather be exchanged for sweet tunes or musical instruments. Any of the sounds of nature are best for the child. Jenny Lind says her talent began to develop at the age of four, when she used to go into the garden, and not only listened, but imitated the songs of birds, or even the bee and the fly.

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*Music in "Cheerful Echoes."

RULE 4. Do not dilly-dally with baby while washing him. If he cries, do not stop in your work, but finish as gently and speedily as possible, then pet as much as you please afterwards. Of course his wants should have all been supplied before beginning the process. Also, it is not necessary to strip the child entirely in the beginning, especially if the room is not warm; wash face and neck first, dress the upper part, then proceed.

HYGIENIC RULES.

1. When washing the child, wash the eyes first of all, so that no impurity from the body can enter into them.
2. When washing, be careful to have the child's head away from the fire, the feet towards the fire.
3. Carefully protect from draught during the process.
4. The first three months of the child's life, especially during the cold weather, let the child sleep with the mother — warmth then is more important than pure air. If the child frets, feel his feet to see that they are warm.

LECTURE No. II.

MATERNAL INSTINCTS NEED THE GUIDANCE OF WISDOM.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN CONSIDERATE FOR OTHERS.

I WILL now continue to lay before you some more of Froebel's fundamental thoughts on Child Education, as they have been interpreted by Mrs. Lina Morgenstern of Berlin, the Baroness Marenholz (who has done more to disseminate Froebel's kindergarten system of education

in Europe than any other person), Miss Peabody, Mr. W. N. Hailmann and other educators, including myself.

Infant training has, until now, been less thought of or cultivated than school education, and the civilization of the present century, so much praised, has not yet paid that attention to the subject which it merits, if it would faithfully fulfil its duties to the rising generation. The result of this indifference we see all around us, by observing the thin, pale faces of our young people, many of whom seemed healthy, rosy children in infancy; the premature oldness of children; their emaciated limbs; the sudden breaking down of the health of young women; the indifference and alienation of members of the family, yes, even between parents and children; the aversion of many women to raise children on account of their being so expensive and troublesome, forever wanting to know what can I do? which question the mother is often unable or unwilling to answer in a satisfactory manner. Almost all young, fond mothers think that their child, resting so softly imbedded in their love, is not to be pitied; there is nothing to be feared for it, and that with every rough air, all moral evil is likewise excluded; and yet how much sorrow results from that too great tenderness in mothers; it lacks wisdom and enervates body and soul. Maternal instincts and affections have been generally considered as sufficient to insure the safety and perfect development of the child, and it is of priceless value. But when we behold the many troubles and vexations of life, beginning even with small children in their inharmonious intercourse with each other, and the wrong direction taken by their inborn activity and play, we feel the necessity for the torch of science to illumine our nurseries.

There is now no longer the excuse to be brought for-

ward, that there is no light on that particular subject, except that of the human instinct, inferior though it is to that of most animals, on account of our having been endowed with royal reason. But we do have light now, and sufficient to make life far more of a boon than it has been to us, and all we have to do is to open our hearts to it and allow ourselves to be guided by it. How often have we seen a lifetime wasted — a thorn in the flesh, marring every enjoyment, reducing the amount of happiness to one-half of what it was intended to be, and all through the deplorable ignorance of the mother or nurse. An immeasurable amount of misery and suffering to parents and children will be prevented if our young ladies would give more of the time devoted to some less useful science or accomplishment, to the study of physiology and a thorough study of the nature and wants of the human being as elucidated by Frederick Froebel. No educational institution for young ladies should be without a department devoted to the science of bringing up children. Many valuable books have been written on education, but no one has done so much to study out the threefold nature of the child, and find out the right means of nourishing and developing his physical, intellectual and spiritual nature as the originator of the kindergarten, or, as he calls himself, the "discoverer of nature's method of education." I feel personally a deep sense of gratitude to this profound thinker and student of the human soul, who devoted his life to serve his Master by serving humanity.

One of the objections raised against Froebel's system of infant training, beginning as it does with the child three months old, is that there is such a thing as beginning too early, and that it is wrong to interfere with his innocent harmlessness; and some parents perhaps ridicule the idea

of introducing the colored balls to the child's perception at that tender age, with a view to educating him. Let us try to find a good reason for Froebel's doing so, and see if we cannot remove the objection of the kind parent.

When we come to consider what has been the popular, we might say universal interpretation and naming of the word education, these objections are not so much to be wondered at. Many people think that *education* means the conning of printed lessons, in order to exercise the memory and intellectual faculties of children — that it naturally includes the occupations which necessarily oblige the child to continue in certain constrained positions for a certain number of hours per day: — the constant admonishing from teachers and parents, chiding or dictating how the child shall deport himself, walk or dance, so as to gain the approval of admiring friends. While in reality education means a harmonious and natural development and careful training of every endowment of the human being, physically just as much as intellectually and spiritually, to prepare and fit the child to enter into the strife and battle of life with a full and elevated comprehension of the laws of his own being, of the position he occupies in the world, and his relation to it, with an enlightened view and honest conviction of the right and healthful means for him to adopt in order to attain his destined work and mission on earth.

We will now show how the following song for the exercising of the arms is to be introduced to the larger children:

Perhaps the baby has just been fed with milk, or the children are eating lunch. Mamma says, "How Harry enjoys his nice supper of bread and milk! Do you know how we get the sweet milk?"

"O yes, the milkman brought it, and papa pays the milkman for it."

"But where does the milkman get it?"

"From the good mooley cow! Sure enough, but he has not time to milk the cow himself, so he lets Peter milk her. And Mooley, how does she get her supper? She does not like milk, she loves the nice sweet grass and hay, so Peter, who heard Mooley say, 'Moo, moo, moo, it is time for me to have my supper, too!' takes the sharp sickle and goes with it to the meadow, there to cut down some grass for the good cow. How came the grass there, can Peter make one blade of grass? No, not one. God made it grow. But Peter can cut it down, and as he cuts down a good deal at the time, the good horse is taken to the meadow with the hay wagon to help draw Mooley's supper to the barn. Now we will play that we were cutting down some of the nice grass ourselves, and sing a sweet song for the baby.

Song for Exercising the Spine and Arms.

(The young child sits and sways back and forth; the older ones stand firmly while swinging in time with the song.)

Mowing Song. *

"Peter, to the meadow go,
And the grass so quickly mow,
Bring it home to mooley cow,
For she wants her supper now,
Peter, do not be so late,
Do not make my baby wait
For his food, from mooley cow,
For he (or she) wants his supper now," etc.

What applies to the introduction to the child of this

* Music in "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

song applies to every other, for it is a foolish practice to let a child babble after us what has not previously been thoroughly explained to him, and will not therefore exercise his reflective powers in the least.

Continuation of the Ball Play.

The infant is to be amused with the red ball from day to day until all the various exercises have been gone through with, or the child shows less interest in its appearance, when the blue one should be substituted.

To-day mamma brings the little playmate for baby, she lifts it up higher in the air and sings:

"Up, up, up — down, down, down" or "higher up — lower down!" always suiting the key of the voice to the action. When she changes the movement she sings:

"Nearer, nearer — farther, farther" or "the little ball comes, the little ball goes! It comes — it goes."

Harry grows more and more interested, perhaps he is not in his little bed, but sitting up on a shawl on the lounge in the sitting room. Mamma lets baby's hand take hold of the cord with her's and makes the little ball hop over the other little hand saying, —

"Hop over here, hop over there, over here, over there,"

Or she sings,

"Over here, over there, see our little ball swings,
While mamma happily to her little baby sings."

Or she sings while swinging the ball, —

"My ball it loves to swing,
And mamma loves to sing;
So merrily, so cheerily,
Oh! see the ball can swing.

Or,

Swing, swing! to and fro,
See my little ballie go;
Swing, swing, left to right,
Baby watches with delight." *

Excited to self-action by all this play with mamma, the baby will be quite content to allow her to resume her sewing near by. When the ball is to be put away, the swinging may be done over the box in which it finally disappears with these words, —

"It didn't go over, it's gone in there,
We cannot find it anywhere;
The little ball has gone to rest,
See it in its little nest!
By, by, little ball!"

If the child looks sad or disappointed, —

"Once more the ball is here,
To play with baby dear."

He can now amuse himself with it as we sing, —

"Round and round and round it goes, to the right, to the left.
See me going round and round, never idle am I found.
Bell high on the steeple,
Calls to church the people.
Ding-dong, ding-dong,
Ding-dong, bell!"

(If the ball falls, baby is lifted down to pick it up with mamma's help. Have a separate ball for the play with the child, kept only for the lesson.)

Hygienic Rules.

5. In the spring let the child take his out-door walks in the afternoon; in the autumn let him go out in the forenoon. The spring morning partakes of the preceding

* Music in "Cheerful Echoes."

ened later in life, this will overcome all difficulties and conquer what otherwise would be very disagreeable.

Our common schools have no such results to show forth. School should be no longer simply a place in which to acquire intellectual knowledge or proficiency. It ought no longer teach sciences apart from their application to life, but it should prepare the young for the every-day life and work of their existence. No one can become a master in any art merely by committing its technical rules to memory, necessary as this also may be. We are told in the Bible to work and pray, which means, to seek communion with the Heavenly Father and come to him for light, wisdom, faith, courage, and strength to do His holy will; but we are to show in deeds that our prayer is heard, and that the Heavenly Spirit is the motive of all our actions. Mere technical instruction by books — good and necessary as it is at the right age — is, of course, far easier to give, at least for the teacher, and that is, no doubt, the reason why primary teachers who use the smallest number of books are paid the least. But the scholar gets used to mere repeating of facts, and does it in most cases without thought or investigation.

Following the normal progress of a child's development we observe: first, that its powers germinate and grow; secondly, they are assisted in that growth and progress by exercise; by exercise they become productive. Lastly, the child acquires a consciousness of his powers by seeing the effects he produces in the use of these powers. Rather than simply to commit to memory, the young mind would prefer, and wishes, to reproduce the images and perceptions he acquires, and to embody them in an external form, when they become more clear to him.

Facts are better than words. When we know what a

thing is, then the conversations we hear around us, and the books we may read in later years, are full of meaning and interest.

There are a thousand facts of creation, which a child ought to know before he is out of childhood, and about which most men know nothing, so wretched has been their training.

Frederick Froebel's system of education is based so entirely upon the nature of the child and his natural requirements, that when it is being taught and applied people seem astonished — like with all great discoveries — that all those means which seem so simple and to the purpose have not been known and in use before. But we will now proceed to the practical part of our lesson.

To-day it is raining, and baby cannot go out. Mamma walks around with him for a short time, but when she wants to rest, she thinks of the little ball just in time. She takes it from the little box and sings:

Round and round we go!
To the right, now to the left!

The child grows more and more animated, so the nurse or mother sits down near the table and lets the ball jump on one spot while she sings:

— Tip, tap, tap,
Baby sits on mamma's lap
Ballie's hopping, tip, tap, tap,
Tip, tap, tap, tip, tap, tap.

She lets it hop higher and pretty soon sings another song:

Hop, hop, hop on high,
Like a bird you seem to fly.
Higher, higher! higher, so,
See our little ballie go.

The ball spins around upon the table:

See it going round so pretty
Like a cunning little kitty;
Spin around yourself my ball,
I'll take care you do not fall.

Draw it, draw it! come along
While we sing a pretty song.
Here it is, now you may have it
Clean it is, and pretty too,
It has come to play with you.

Song of the Clock.

Come and see, come and see,
How goes the clock so merrily;
The pendulum goes to and fro,
And never from its course does go.
Swings forward first, and then swings back,
Always tic, and always tac,
Tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac.

Clock, in thee I must believe,
Therfore you should ne'er deceive;
Tell me the time to work and eat,
For walking and for slumber sweet.
Forward swings the weight, and back,
Always tic and always tac.
Tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac, tic-tac.

The ball hopping from the table into the box and out:

Catch it, hold it, there it is!
Gone again, now how is this?
Down it dives, and now 'tis trying,
Like a birdie, it would be flying;
Now it rolls away from here,
But we'll pull it back, my dear.

The ball is swung in a larger circle, then a smaller one:

Ball, we hold you by the string,
Soon around yourself you'll swing,
Always larger, always larger,
Always smaller, always smaller.

After a while, mamma sings again:

Over here, over there, see our little bally swings,
While mamma happily to her little baby sings.
It did'nt go over, it's gone in there, —
We cannot find it anywhere.

Harry looks sad, but mother lets baby peep into the box, and he laughs to see it come out again to continue still longer to be his little playfellow; and now he shall play alone. Mother seats the baby upon the bed on some old shawl with pillows behind him, and baby's hands are getting ready to take the ball. She first withdraws it several times and sings:

Take the ball so soft and bright,
Baby's hand can hold it tight,

When, finally, the ball is to be put away:

Now the ball must have some rest;
Drop it in its little nest.
Bye, bye.

When the baby is fretful, nurse's fingers drum against the window or on the table, and she sings:

1. Five farmers are coming in full gallop,
I hear them coming, hop, hop, hop;
Whom do you want to see in here?
We want to see your baby dear.
Oh! my good farmers, hear her cry,
To please her it's no use to try.

She cries and frets, I know not why,
But she'll be better by and by.

My baby dear, that will not do,
We want to sing some songs for you:
Your fretting so sends us away,
We'll call again another day.

Nurse drums again, when the child is in good-humor:

2. Five farmers are coming, just look and see;
They're tying their horses to a tree.
Whom do you wish to see in here?
We want to see your baby dear.
They say, he is the sweetest child,
Just like a lamb so meek and mild.
Like a cooing little dove,
He returns his mother's love,
We would like to, if we can,
Kiss this darling little man;
[If a girl: We would like to give a kiss
To your darling little miss.]
Come, come, come and see,
How good our little pet can be;
Come and see how full of glee
Our little pet can be.
Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye.
They are going off in full gallop,
Oh! see them going, hop, hop, hop,
Come again, come again good farmers here,
To see our little children dear.

Song for Exercising Baby's Spine.

(Baby is sitting on the bed or carpet, while nurse gently holding his hands lets him fall in time with the song:)

FALLING SONG.

3. Down my little pet is falling,
But it does not hurt at all.
Hear her cooing, laughing, calling,—
Down again she wants to fall;

For with mamma (Katie) she is playing,
And no harm or ill is near.
‖: Well she knows it will not hurt her,
Down goes baby without fear: ‖ *

Hygienic Rules.

9. Darken the room where baby is sleeping, but not by draperies around his crib, which retain the bad air.

10. Never let baby ride in a carriage till he can sit up. The jar to his brain when in a lying position is injurious. Let him be carried in arms till he can sit up.

11. Be careful about having baby's head resting too much on the hard arm of the nurse during the first month. Thousands of children die with convulsions because the soft bones of the head are made to press together.

12. If baby's bed-room is used for a sitting-room, then be sure to let every one leave for a short time at night, and open the windows to change the air before the baby is put to bed.

Educational Rules.

9. Do not take the baby up the minute he wakes up, but let him first get fully awakened and lie a few minutes, if he is not crying. This prevents a tyrannical disposition.

10. Refrain from giving positive commands to a little child. Give him the habit of obedience, but it is not wise to interrupt the child's play by an order. Leave him as much as possible to himself, and so far as it can be done without injury, let him learn the consequences of his

* Music for 1, 2, is in "Cheerful Echoes;" for No. 3 is in "National Kindergarten Songs and Plays."

own actions. Too much cautioning and forbidding is to be guarded against. *

11. Be careful to consider if a child's wish shall be gratified or denied before you give your reply. To grant it afterwards because the child teazes or cries is injudicious. We are apt to be too quick in our refusals of innocent requests, which may perhaps inconvenience us somewhat.

12. A wise mother, on hearing a child fret, gives him something to eat before settling the question of right or wrong. Many little ones become troublesome when hungry, but are too much absorbed in their play to know what is the matter.

LECTURE No. IV.

A GREAT man has said: "Let me make the *songs*, and I care not who shall make the *laws*." Perhaps he did not overestimate the powerful influence of songs over the human heart. The cradle-songs which have been handed down from generation to generation, are pretty much alike in all generations. Of such traditional lore, Froebel collected what would suit his purpose best. For centuries, the mother's instinct, impelled by the desire to amuse her child, has been inventing little plays for the exercise of his limbs, which have, of course, contributed somewhat to their development, but only in an imperfect manner, as everything must be where affection

* I know a young man, whose mother made the mistake of cautioning him every time he went out of her sight during his childhood. He was in the habit of looking out to the right and left, to see if any danger was approaching. Instead of a strong, manly, erect form, his head and shoulders were somewhat thrown forward, and an expression of timidity is notable on his amiable countenance.

is not guided by wisdom. This playing was often nothing but a thoughtless tossing or dandling, because mothers and nurses had not the proper end in view — the strengthening of the limbs and the awakening of all the dormant faculties of the soul. No mother plays with her baby silently, and she has early learned from experience that rythmical sounds give from the very beginning the most pleasure to the baby, and that it proves a wonderfully effective power to soothe the nerves, and remove uneasiness. Those who yet remember with tender emotion the lullabies with which a mother's voice hushed them to sleep, will understand Froebel, who sees in these songs, which accompany the first infantile plays, the means of developing the child's emotional nature.

Very much of the benefits and the success of the Kindergarten training is invisible at the time; it is negative, and assists in preventing harm. Then again, its positive success is so simple that it cannot be expected to attract more notice with people who are always expecting immediate results, than, for instance, fresh air, pure water, or the merits of the family physician, who keeps the family from getting sick. But as applied in the nursery, the increased healthfulness and happiness of the baby reacts upon the mother, and the whole family circle are made better and happier by the use of the system.

"The ball is used in a great variety of plays, both in the nursery and the kindergarten, and becomes the centre of a little world of beauty, life and pleasure to the young child: the vehicle and source of a great fund of information, — the material for the unlimited exercise of his powers. For he sees the little ball moving to and fro, before his eyes; approaching him and then receding from him. He has held it in his little hands; recognizing it

unconsciously as a thing that has an existence separate from his own, and yet capable of entering into more or less intimate relations with him: and these motions or set of movements being accompanied by appropriate words or music, they may be multiplied and varied at pleasure. Occasionally other objects may be used instead of the ball in order to direct the child's attention to noticing the same qualities or the same form, and by repetition of the same experiences as with the ball, to corroborate the teachings with the ball. Sometimes two or more balls may engage in this play, but care must be taken that this practice is not carried too far, for fear of scattering the child's attention, or of confusing or blurring his conceptions. The representative syllables that accompany certain motions must be simple, and the same or similar motions must always be attended by the same or similar words, syllables or sentences. This will not only hasten clear perception on the part of the child, but will also enable him to succeed sooner in his efforts to repeat the sounds and learn to speak. Again, the child must not be surfeited with too much sameness and monotony, or confused with too much variety. The *first* tires out the child's attention; the *second* gives him no chance to fix his attention upon any thing or motion long enough and distinctly enough to obtain a clear idea thereof.

Above all, the activity of the mother or nurse must never drown or unnecessarily interrupt the self-activity of the child; for it must be remembered that the child is self-active not only when he moves or cries or tries to talk, but also when he looks and listens; when he attends more or less consciously to any impressions upon any one of his senses, or even when he muses in a half-wakened condition. A boisterous, rude voice, violent motions from

too much tossing up, fast talking, or too much caressing and many other well-meant practices, which the child is subjected to by the mother, nurse, or visitors, may in such cases do a great deal of harm, by interrupting the child's wholesome quiet or self-activity. On the contrary, the judicious mother or nurse will, in all her actions, in the character of her words, adapt herself to the child in its efforts to learn and to do; and the uniform good-humor of the child as well as the rapid development of all its powers, physical, mental, and affectional, will prove how well she does her part of the educational work."

"If after a child can walk, run or jump, his young limbs need varied and systematic exercise for the muscles, how much more does he require them before self-activity commences. Common gymnastics are designed to exercise and develop every muscle, but such exertion would tire young children. His interest must be awakened in various directions, that he may be made happy and joyous. A child is ever willing to show his height, while he is apt to be unwilling to stand erect or to stretch out his arms to no purpose. There must be a meaning to all there is done with a child, suited to his comprehension, such as is furnished in Froebel's play-gymnastics. The exercise for the body is in them made also an exercise of all the soul-organs, as it were, and the first playful activity of the child becomes the starting-point for further development and advancement in the kindergarten."

All the little songs which are given for the amusement and benefit of the infant will be found to be very entertaining and pleasing to older children. To these they should be introduced in the shape of a little story or conversation, as it is done in the kindergarten. Thus with the weather-vane song for exercising the wrist, it is well

to introduce it when some object is seen moving, such as the weather-vane or a flag; we may ask what objects they have ever seen moving, such as clothes on the line, the branches of a tree, birds, etc., children will enjoy the song much better if they imagine that they are representing some animate thing that has come under their observation. By questioning a child about what makes things move, you will lead him to find out that it is the wind which makes them move in some cases.

"We cannot see the wind, yet we can see what it does. What else is there that you know, and yet you cannot *see* it?"

Eva? "I can hear you speak, but I cannot see the words."

"Well, Stuart?"

"I can smell the hay in the dark."

"Rosie?"

"I can taste the sugar in my candy when my eyes are shut."

"So you can; that is because you can taste it. And I can feel the warm sun, or in the winter I can feel the snow and ice without seeing it. Yes, and more yet, dear children. You cannot see, hear, smell, touch or taste *love*, still you all know that your mamma loves you, and we all know how much God loves us by the thousands of good gifts he bestows upon us. Name one, Bertha?" etc.

In the Kindergarten when the weather is stormy outside, or the room is rather cold, and the time has not come for the movement games, the wind exercise never fails to get the children into a fine glow of warmth through activity.

After a few questions have been asked on the nature

and causes of the wind, which they know is simply air in motion, children are led to find out that we need the circulation of air, so as to bring sweet, fresh out-door air into the apartments to take the place of the bad air within; that the fires could not burn without air or wind; the older children learn that no sound could be heard without air to carry it, that water would stand a long time in the streets without the wind to dry it up, no sailing vessels could move, no bird could fly, that the good wind scatters the seeds so that they need not have to lay too closely planted, etc., etc. Then a little story follows about sitting in an arbor taking tea, when Charlie, the child in the group, observes how very quiet it is, that not a leaf is stirring. "It is a calm, my child," the kindergartener continues the story, "no ships can move: oh I hope we may have some wind ere long; yes! now the leaves are stirring, a soft zephyr is kissing our cheeks, we call it zephyr—it is as soft as the wool our little balls are made of. 'But see that black cloud!' Charley's father exclaims: 'it is coming swiftly this way: hear the *breeze* which has sprung up, —let us hurry into the house ere the storm breaks in on us!' As soon as the family had safely reached the house with all the tea-things, the rain began to descend." All the children follow the story by acting it out: they sit at first very quietly, and when the word *zephyr* is mentioned, they gently rub the palms of their hands. This they do faster when the *breeze* springs up, with a soft, hissing noise; and when it begins to rain, their fingers imitate the patter on the tables, while the teacher tries to imitate the rolling of thunder. After the rain a *storm* is announced: they stamp with both feet as hard as they can, keeping, however, in their seats until the teacher lifts her finger, when the calm takes place again.

The *cultivation* of the senses is very important, and a very *different* thing from the *gratification* of the senses. True, high and noble enjoyment can only be had through their discipline and culture, and is the sole means of averting low, coarse sensuality as unworthy of man. The sense of taste is the first to develop. The child should not be allowed to devour his food greedily, but be made to distinguish different kinds, as in a higher sense; the taste is afterwards to be developed and cultivated. While giving food, the mother might sing to the child a song indicating the sources of articles of food, or allow him to give some to the cat, bird or dog, while taking his own meal. In this way the child's attention is diverted and directed to something higher than mere self-gratification. With delicate, nervous children, who do not think enough of eating, and are diverted by the slightest provocation, we pursue the opposite course.

"All's gone, all's gone, all's gone.
What was here, now is gone;
What was upper, now is under;
Where's his supper gone, I wonder?"

LADY BAKER.

"Peter, to the meadow go," etc., is also useful to sing when we think the child has had enough to eat.

The sense of smell should be cultivated, by causing the child to smell of various kinds of flowers, when we sing the "Sneezing Song." *

"Now my little pet may smell, hat-zee! (sneezing).
Of this pretty flower, and tell, hat-zee!
How it comes to smell so fine, hat-zee!
Shall I tell you, baby mine? hat-zee!
A little angel may be hid, hat-zee!
Beneath this pretty flower-lid, hat-zee!

* Music in National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.

Who wants to give pleasure, hat-zee!
To my little treasure, hat-zee!
Baby shall enjoy the smell, hat-zee!
Of the flowers we love so well, hat-zee!"

PLAYING WITH THE BALL. (*Continued*).

The box with the little ball is standing all ready. Mamma takes the blue one out to-day, and swings it round and round. But instead of singing, "Round and round and round we go, — to the right, to the left," mamma swings it round first in a wide circle, then in a narrow one, singing,

"Always larger, always larger,
Ever smaller, ever smaller,"

or,

"Ball, we hold you by the string;
Soon around yourself you'll swing."

Then she lets the ball hang down in a vertical line, spinning round itself, while she makes a purring noise, and then sings, "Turn around yourself, my ball; I'll take care that you don't fall:"

"Quicker, quicker, faster, so,
See our little ball can go."

As the quick motion may be too severe for the young child's eyes, the mother changes in her play, and sings while she lets the ball hop on the table, then into the box, with the words:

"Catch it, hold it! Here it is!
Gone again, my little miss.
Down it dives, and now it's trying —
Like a bird, it would be flying;
Now it rolls away, you see;
But I'll pull it back to thee."

The larger children in the Kindergarten can have a simple object-lesson preceding the Clock Exercise with the balls.

"The system of the pendulum-beats," says Froebel, as translated in "Froebel's Mother Play and Nursery Songs," "has something very attractive — the motion, the wheelwork, the apparent life in the clock, the mechanism, and especially the mystery of its workings — all have, no doubt, a great charm to the child; but the whole attraction does not lie therein. I am quite certain that a deep, semi-conscious sense of the importance *of time* lies at the foundation of the child's attraction to the timepiece and the pleasure he takes in the play of the clock. It is, therefore, advisable to teach the child early to be regular and systematic about everything, and to notice the value of time." When you show him the picture accompanying the song of the clock, where Kitty is washing herself, you may say:

"See how very neat and pretty
Wants to be our little Kitty;
It surely expects to see
Some of my friends to visit me."

"Come to me, dear child, we will make you clean and sweet too, to meet our dear friends whom we expect so soon. Your father's eyes, so clear and bright, will expect to see a clean little child, the clean little flowers (or snowflakes, in accordance with the season), the dear little birds or doves all are coming to see him:

"To make himself one with such visitors sweet,
My child must be clean, (Helen, Harry) must be neat."

But you have visitors all the time: either the bright rays of the sun, or the silvery moon, or shining stars, come to visit Harry, and see how good and clean he is.

The play of the clock is very simple with or without the ball. The baby may be sitting on your lap, with one arm free, which can be moved by mamma, pendulum-fashion, alternating the right and left arm; and if the child is old enough to stand, both arms may do the motion, then alternately the legs may go through the exercise. In the kindergarten the children each have a ball of a color of their own selection, about which each one has told a little rhyme; they stand with heels together, up straight, and the ball representing the pendulum swings first forward and back, the second time from right to left, to the "Song of the Clock": *

"Bell, high on the steeple,
Calls to church the people:
Bim, bom, bim, bom,
Bim, bom, bell."

Educational Rules.

13. Control your fears in the presence of a child. Give always the example of faith in God's protecting care. During a thunder-storm improve the opportunity of calling the child's admiration for the lightning, while quietly taking every precaution against danger.

14. Do not lead a child into temptation. If there is anything he particularly wants, keep it out of sight. Do not expect from a child what an adult can hardly do in the matter of self-control or self-denial.

15. Have a soft couch in the nursery for discipline. If baby is tired, we tell him he will feel all right after lying there a while.

16. Let children thank servants for services done.

* Also see "Bells on the Steeple" and "The Chimes," in "Cheerful Echoes."

Hygiene.

13. Hold baby in an upward position after he has been fed, even if he is asleep. Let the little head rest on your shoulder, and after a few minutes, you will hear the air come up, which he drew in with the spoon or bottle. He will rest much better and longer than if he is laid down immediately after eating.

14. Use burned linen rags and scorched flour, to put on baby's sores, in place of powder.

15. Do not ride the baby backwards; and guard the child's eyes from the sun. Never have attractive things placed in a such a position, near the cradle, that it will require an effort for him to look at them. They want to be placed so that the eye can reach them easily and naturally.

16. Follow nature as much as possible in the care of children.

Every hour a child sleeps is so much capital for him to draw on in future days. The room should be quiet and dark. Do not even wake the baby to administer medicines, but state the irregularities to the doctor when he comes. Keep visitors away from the sleeping child.

LECTURE No. V.

Delivered by William Walker, Esq., to Kindergarten Normal Class, Manchester, England.

Nursery influence, the subject on which I am to address you, affords matter rather for half a dozen lectures, than for half-an-hour's address. To make the subject tangible, we will look rapidly at —

The place occupied, - - - Nursery.
" occupants, - - - - - Children.
" managers, - - - - - Mothers and Fathers.
" consequent issues, - - The Lives.

But we will take the occupants first.

The occupants are given of God, or rather lent for training, — and are to go back to God, — at once the most helpless, yet most solemn and interesting of creatures. I watch the lambs of the field, that have seen daylight only a few hours, gamboling and jumping together with the delight of life, and following inevitably the instincts of their nature. But with the human lamb put into our charge, how long it does, or at least ought, to eat and sleep, before the organs by which it is to gain knowledge of the outer world develop, and then how gradually! Take even one organ, the eye at first it sees things *indistinctly*,— as they *appear*, and not as they are, for instance, without any idea of space, and it is only by a slow process that a true knowledge of surroundings is gained. This is not the place or time to speak of the house — the body — in which dwells this immortal germ which has to be developed. Though it is so important, we have not time. Suffice to say, that, if from personal experience we reflect on the delicate and subtle connection and sympathy between mind and body, we shall see how fearfully and wonderfully we are made. If the house in which the soul has to live, is uncomfortable, the tenant will not be happy, or thrive well; and many a soul is injured or ruined in the nursery.

Children should be laughing and playing, or eating plain food, and sleeping. *Play* is the *business* of a *child*. You cannot think how much it exercises itself and teaches itself in play, if it be really proper play.

And now a word about the nursery. The fashion of modern life is very tyrannical and touches even the nursery. Whilst in very many cases the drawing-room, dining-room, and other rooms in the house are fitted with rarest appointments, how seldom do we find the furniture and appointments of the nursery bearing any resemblance to these as regards fitness; and yet, if we could ask some high intelligence, who sees the *end from the beginning*, which is the most important room in the family house, we imagine it would not be the drawing room or the breakfast-room, or the library, but the *nursery*, where dwell the little immortals. What, then, should the nursery be? The nursery should be the roomiest, cheeriest, airiest and most comfortable room in the house. Because the walls, the furniture, the very carpet, will influence the child, — these should be wisely suited; but I very much doubt whether we could find an upholsterer in this great city who has *ready for immediate use* an entire suite of nursery furniture.

What ought we, then, to expect to find in a well adapted nursery, where there is a family of three or four children? Besides a hundred and one things, there would be the nursing-chair — easy, without arms; small seats, various; low tables, and no sharp angles to anything, but rounded; always a large but not soft *crib* in a quiet corner, for discipline; thus, where there is society there must be *law*, and where there is law there must be punishment. But here arises one of the greatest difficulties of a wise government, whether national or nursery. Let us see how the *Great Father* does. Take the case of one of his favorite servants and children, as recorded in the Old Book. The man was very angry; things had not gone as he wanted; he was impatient and asked that he might die. The Lord

did not scold him, but got him into the wilderness, and he slept under a juniper-tree — the stillness might soothe him; he awoke, but the Lord did not scold him. There was food, and he ate; then, even, the Lord did not scold; but he slept, and ate again. A tornado of wind is described, but he did not see God in it. An earthquake followed, but he was not conscious of God in it; nor in the fire which followed that; but it was the *still small voice* which touched his heart, and made him wrap his face in his mantle. Now, in many cases it is unwise to scold a child or punish it directly, especially when, as for aught we know was the case with Elijah, this naughtiness might arise, perhaps, from a disordreed stomach, or something of that sort. We will suppose a little one is naughty. Don't say so, but "Baby is not very well; baby must lie down." Lay it down on a nice, airy mattress, throw the neat coverlet over it. Sleep, in such a case, is the best physic.

One of the great features of the kindergarten system is the way in which useful information is given, without undue excitement of the brain — in fact, in the *philosophy of the toys* — or, as they are called, "gifts." I use the word "philosophy"— alas! we want more of it now-a-days than we practice in furnishing the nursery. There was more philosophy in our grandmothers, when, instead of merely going to the shop and buying for much money the richly-bedecked and unsuitable doll, there was the search into the mysterious and wonderfully interesting "rag-bag," where was to be found, for the first doll at least, a very large selection of all kinds of prints, muslins, silks, flannels, piping, gimp, trimmings, etc., "*all to be obtained at under cost price.*" And then the fun (really the lesson) in planning, cutting, fitting, and in making real clothes for the doll, instead of learning to sew, and pricking the fin-

gers in having to hem a duster. Toys should be such as will have a useful tendency — not merely to amuse (except in case of babies), but as constructive toys. Take one example, the beveled brick. With a box of these bricks a child would at once understand the principle of an arch, of which it may be said that the world rolled round for 4,000 years ere it was discovered or turned to practical account.

Except in the early stages of childhood, toys should be as far as possible constructive, so as to lead to an acquaintance with fundamental shapes, sections of cubes, pyramids, cones, etc.

The *walls* of the nursery may be made to the child of greater value than the walls of the drawing-room to its parents, though covered with its £1000 worth of drawings. Let the coloring be quiet and agreeable in tone. An annual wash of color with lime in it will be all the better for health. Let there be rails on which to pin or from which to suspend, suitable drawings. *Picture* are the books of a young child. What a library is to up-grown persons, pictures are to children, the only book, in fact, which they can read. It is a solemn truth that character is much affected by the *kind* of literature the mind takes in, so is the tender child's mind influenced through life by the nursery pictures. What should they be these pictures which will so powerfully tell on the characters of our little ones? For, as Tupper says, —

. . . . "Scratch but the sapling.
And the scarred and crooked oak may tell of thee for centuries to come."

With all our wealth, with all our appliances, and though we are gorged with books, I am not sure that we have anything like a complete and suitable set of *pictures* for our nursery walls. The toys or "gifts" are excellent.

What should these pictures be, then? No hobgoblins—no pictures that will excite the brain, and interfere with sleep, food or laughter. If the food children take into their bodies be important, how jealously should the mother mind the pictures which they drink into their very natures! Diagrams of mechanical powers, wheels, etc., diagrams of laws of matter and motion, pictures (well and *specially* drawn) of all kinds of objects, animals, birds, etc., and these occasionally changed. If there were time, a complete microcosm of illustrations could be named. The "blackboard" is one of the most instructive appliances that a nursery can have; but my position as a teacher and an artist forbids me to speak about it. So much for the nursery. But it may be said by some that I am speaking quite above the mark, and that few would like to go to the expense of furnishing a nursery after such a fashion; in fact they could not afford such luxuries. We have not spoken of luxuries, but plain, useful appliances wherewith to make the child's *home* the happiest place on earth. We read in natural history of a bird, which, to make her nursery warm, strips the down from her own breast. The price of a cashmere shawl would well-nigh furnish the nursery, and the cost of an evening party would fill it with pictures.

We come now to a delicate and difficult part of our subject,—the managers, the nurses. We may say things that will wound: we shall endeavor to say the truth in love. Now to whom are the children given? To the *mothers*. *Then the mothers are responsible.* Let us look at them, and in doing so we will not be personal, except in one case. The highest person in the realm, our beloved Queen, has been and is a domestic queen, and has spent much of her time in the nursery. We will consider not only the upper

ten thousand, but the lower twenty millions. If we were to let slip and say that the greater half of the lower twenty millions treated their children worse than a man treats his dog or his horse, or than a bear treats her cubs, we should be considered very rude indeed, and guilty of using "unparliamentary language."

And yet there are one or two lessons to note, that the puppy or the kitten learn from their mother. *Obedience*, the first, last, and constant lesson of life is insisted on by Tabby or Juno in the management of their young. Do we *always insist* on, and obtain *obedience* from the little ones? — not the obedience of *necessity assisted by a box on the ear*, but of *love*. If so, then are our little ones blessed indeed.

But the mothers — these human mothers, let us consider them: they have the charge of immortals, not kittens or dolls. What preparation have they had for this kind of life? Where were they schooled? What have they read? In what school or nursery have they studied? These are inconvenient questions, no doubt, but they ought to be put, and answered too.

It is said, and I think quite truly, that true education is that which best fits a man for the after-duties of life. And we ask again, where has the *training* been? It may be replied, that the demands of society upon our time are such that nursery claims and duties must be deputed to others. *Never*. Nursery *work* may, but never nursery *claims* and *responsibilities*.

I wonder how much time for making calls, taking journeys, etc., the birds have when bringing up their warbling families. It is true, some are fond of travel, the swallow to wit; but I think they wait till their little ones are grown, and take them with them; and though, for aught I

know, they may do a good deal of visiting and gossip during the season, in Italy or on the coast of Africa, they come back again and settle down to serious work. This illustration suggests to one a small double-rule-of-three sum, which might be put thus: If two sparrows, which are sold for one farthing, take *such* care of their young, how much more care should human mothers take of their little ones, whose value is beyond all calculation?

After all, the mother must have what are appropriately called "helps," or commonly nurses; and here again we are on delicate and difficult ground. Who are these nurses, or really for the time these *deputy mothers*? and what are their *re*quirements, their *ac*quiremets, and qualifications? They must be full of goodness and truth, of great common sense or wisdom, of great tact or ready sense, intelligent, having no end of patience, and the love *almost* of a mother.

The great social changes that must obtain in this, or any other country, before there can be any great improvement, as a nation, must be in the parents on the one hand, and the nurses, governesses, and teachers, on the other.

The true, real nurses have to be made — trained. Nurses for sick people are trained in a regular training institution. Where is the institution for training nurses for the children of our gentlefolk? I am not here merely to advocate the kindergarten system, but let me say, that where there is in the midst of a poor population a well-conducted kindergarten-school, the poor man's child has a wiser, more scientific, more natural and happy, and more useful nursery than is to be found in many a rich man's house. And I confess that, were I in that period of life when the mother of my children required the assistance of a nurse, or, more properly, a nursery governess (for the

nurse *ought* to govern), I fear, I should be so selfish as to go in the direction of the poor man's kindergarten-school, and steal one of *his* governesses; for there we might find young girls who had been taught and trained in those common-sense subjects, and those wise and patient modes of dealing with children, the want of which has been a perpetual loss to those we most love.

But not only should there be training schools for nursery governesses, but such an amount of pecuniary remuneration should be offered as will command a better class of girls; for, whilst warehouses and shops can offer high wages and more liberty, we can only have the residuum of young females from which to select those who join in sowing seeds — and what seeds! — seeds which are to develop a harvest of good or bitter fruit in the hearts and lives of our children. So long as we pay our nurses and governesses as little or less than we pay our cooks, or the coachmen who cares for our horses, or the gardener who supplies our table with flowers, how can we reasonably expect to meet with persons, fit and capable, to tend those nobler and more precious plants which are growing up around our hearths?

This is then what is wanted, — that mothers shall take a higher view of their work and their helpers; and that nurses shall be selected, educated, and raised to a higher sense of their work, and be better paid, and thus take their proper and legitimate status as the deputy mother.

So far as mere rank — true rank — goes, as viewed from the throne of truth, it is not the doctor, nor the lawyer, nor the soldier, nor the cotton broker, that stands first. There is one that stands pre-eminently high in the

nation — the mother, and, by her side, the nurse and governess and teacher.*

Hygiene.

17. A child should be carried in turns on the right and on the left arm; and, when he makes his first steps, he must be held by both the right and left hand alternately. If he is restless, it is sometimes quite a rest to the little child to be turned over on the other side.

18. Never tickle. It is dangerous, and reduces vitality. Any unnatural emotion must be avoided. The more quiet and free from excitement a little child is kept, the better for the child's health and strength and mental vigor.

19. Boil the child's drinking-water if there is much sickness around. It kills all the animalculae contained in it.

For headache or indigestion, drink hot water, — half a pint, if possible. Leave off coffee or tea if the headache is chronic.

20. Give children oranges before breakfast in the springtime; it is better than sulphur doses or any spring medicines.

Educational Rules.

17. Do not allow any frightful illustrations in your child's nursery books. Never use fear as a means of discipline. Children have no fear until it is aroused by others.

18. Before punishing, find out if some physical trouble is the cause of bad behavior. Do not punish in anger.

19. Do not allow the child at one time what you for-

* In preparing my course of Lectures to mothers, I took pains, as I mentioned before, to lay before my classes the most advanced thought on the subject of child-culture, as eliminated by Fried. Froebel and his disciples.

bade him to do at another time. An obstinate, wilful child should be commanded and forbidden less than one more yielding. It is not wise to arouse obstinacy.

20. Do not ask any little child to do what you know will be disagreeable for him to perform, and only serves to please yourself, such as reciting before company or saying things which are polite but untrue.

LECTURE No. VI.

Epochs in Child-Life which Exert a Powerful Influence upon Character and Disposition.*

There are, in the life of individuals, as well as in the life of nations, epochs which exercise a powerful influence over their character and disposition; something similar takes place in the life of children, and Froebel points out to mothers, that, by taking advantage of certain incidents in the child's life, the right educational influence may be exerted. The less the child's consciousness is developed, the stronger will be the moral effect of those incidents that seem to us so trivial and of such small account. If the importance of such events were rightly estimated, and the impressions made by them were not too quickly effaced, and thus the true effect disturbed, the whole moral development would rest on a more firm foundation. Everything, even the smallest incident in the life of the infant, is of importance, because it is the beginning of all that is to follow. For instance, Froebel considers the child's first fall as one of the most important events in his early devel-

* See Kriege's "The Child," or Barnard's "Child Culture." Also Hailmann's "Kindergarten Culture."

opment, the effect of which should not be disturbed. The child's courage in running proceeds from ignorance of danger; it is like virtues that have been neither tried nor tempted. The child falls, and its security born of ignorance is at once shaken. Friends who rush to the rescue, lamenting over and petting are unwise: even if he should get hurt a little and scream in consequence, he should be left to himself long enough to receive a full impression from his first fright or hurt. Then caution awakens, self-confidence is no longer blind, and the necessity for caution and for gaining skill is learned by degrees.

The following little song explains itself; the words and melody are taken from Lady Baker's plays and songs:

"Toddle up, toddle down, oh, there he goes!
Down on his fat knees, down on his nose.
Up then my baby, try it again;
Toddle on, baby, try it again.
Toddle, toddle, toddle, toddle, toddle on,
Up then, my baby, try it again.

"Oh dear, did it hurt, where my little dear fell?
Mamma shall kiss it and soon make it well.
Nought can we do, if we don't try it again.
Up then, my baby, try it again.
Toddle, toddle, toddle, toddle, toddle on,
Up then, my baby, and try it again."

Nothing renders men more superficial than a quick succession of impressions, of which the one effaces the other without leaving any distinct trace on the soul. The present generation, especially in high life, furnishes enough proof of this. Fast reading, fast sight-seeing in travelling, the rushing from one enjoyment to the other, even in the higher ones of nature and art, the pressure

commit a fault. But this confidence can only be secured by living with the child his own life, by playing with it, by entering sympathetically into all things which move its soul, and in rightly understanding, or rightly guiding, the manifestations of its first development. Has the first fault been committed? Loving sympathy with the first interior suffering of the child, as with an evil he has himself brought about, is far more effectual than the severest blame.*

That this blame must sooner or later be expressed, is certain, but it is always better to make the child see the real consequences, the effect of the fault committed. A look, a gesture, be it of gladness or of sorrow, the smallest child will understand. The moment of the first wrong-doing is therefore very important, because it is the point at which conscience awakens. That it may listen to this voice, it is essential that the child should learn to listen to an outer voice, to a call, and pay attention to it, if it is addressed to the child itself. Froebel links this to the play of "Cuckoo, Cuckoo," in which the child, not seeing the mother, hears the voice, and rejoices over it. If a child is taught to listen to and obey the mother's voice, leading to what is good and right, it will learn to listen to its own inner voice, nor leave it unheeded.

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* Herbert Spencer's "Education," page 191. Parents cannot too anxiously avail themselves of this discipline of natural consequences. Among the advantages of this method we see — *First*, That it gives that rational comprehension of right and wrong conduct, which results from actual experience of the good and bad consequences caused by them. *Second*, that the child, suffering nothing more than the painful effects brought upon him by his own wrong actions, must recognize, more or less clearly, the justice of the penalties. *Third*, that recognizing the justice of the penalties, and receiving those penalties, inflicted by the laws of things, rather than at the hand of an individual, his temper will be less disturbed, while the parent, simply taking care, passively, as it were, that these natural penalties are felt, will preserve a comparative equanimity. *Fourth*, mutual exasperation being thus in a great measure prevented, a much happier and more influential state of feeling will exist between parent and child, be it during infancy, childhood, or at a later period.

If the mother has secured the child's joyful obedience to her voice because she never commanded what was contrary to his highest good, and has studied not to require what would be subversive of the child's personality, then she will easily teach it to love and obey the voice of conscience, God's voice within, that will accompany it through life as a guardian angel; and she can teach it later, that thus is established and evidenced the relation connecting man with God. The same relation which exists between the child and his mother, when he begins to distinguish *his* will, his personality, from hers, will afterwards be recognized by the child as existing between his individual inclinations, and the warning voice or judgment of conscience. If there is love, loving obedience and perfect trust, between mother and child, he will have learned to love the good for good's sake, and will obey the inner voice from free choice, from love of God. Man may become a morally free agent, or he may be a slave of his own passions, or do the behests of others, from flattery, threats, or promises of gain held out; and, for each of these conditions, the foundations are being laid at this early period of life. The character of a man does not depend on the number of his failures, but upon the manner and condition in which he rises and makes amends for the faults he may have committed. In our time and country, where obedience to the authority of a person is not demanded, it is evidently of the greatest importance that education should aim at developing obedience to law.

Parents must early show the child that they themselves, their teachers, and every one, have to obey too, and that they cannot do as they please in violation of law any more than children can.

This should be done to awaken the idea of lawfulness

and morality — an idea which becomes the governing one when children have outgrown the authority of the parents. All the good and rightful qualities of the child may become perverted and turned into faults. Early education has generally to deal first with wilfulness or obstinacy. But without self-will, character could not be developed. To insist on one's own peculiarities, one's own opinion, till overruled by something higher, because on this is based self-responsibility, or that which constitutes man an accountable, free-willed being. The child's obstinacy is the reverse of this awakened personality.

Obstinacy may be aroused by doing something that the child dislikes, or refusing it something that it wants. If what it desires is legitimate, something that serves for its sustenance or development, then the child is in the right; but if it is simply unwilling to submit to a reasonable demand of its elders, it is wrong, and must not be listened to. If a baby screams in its cradle for want of nourishment, or because it requires attention, it should not be left unheeded one moment. If it is neglecfed, the tone of its cry changes into that of anger, and the attendants are to blame; but if it screams merely because it is in haste to be taken up, it should not always be gratified, lest it become wilful and tyrannical towards attendants. Certainly, it is reasonable that a child should want what is agreeable, and dislike to be left alone and unoccupied, but it must early learn to submit to conditions — to miss sometimes for a season what is most agreeable, and submit to what is less pleasant, for the sake of others.

This, however, must not be carried too far, nor last too long, and necessary attention must *never* be withheld. It is difficult to do always the right thing; but *love* — the highest principle allied to wisdom — is the safest guide.

The child should obey from love, which awakens energy for good, not from fear, which makes cowards. From loving obedience springs veneration, which leads to the fear of God. In education, *wrong* obedience is often mistaken for right obedience, — that is, the child's will is broken, instead of being turned into the right course, and it is for this reason that so few people are free and self-centred, or able to govern themselves (Rule 4). It would not be difficult to secure the child's obedience, if the right means were adopted. The main point is, to awaken love, and gain the child's confidence, never asking anything beyond his power to perform. In the beginning, it is better to avoid as much as possible requiring what is distasteful, only by degrees demanding what involves self-denial or is unpleasant. The foundations of obedience, as well as of all other virtues, are in the main only good habits acquired then, and afterwards not difficult to retain.

THE BALL WITHOUT A STRING, AFTER BABY CAN CREEP.

If it rolls away:

The ball, if it could talk,
Would say, "I love to walk."
Come, let us try to follow you,
The baby too would like to go.

Nurse lets baby take his first steps, holding him carefully under both arms.

The worsted ball can be made to dance around on a saucer. If it falls off, baby helps mamma to pick it up. The ball is thrown in baby's lap. First he clings to it, then tries to throw it back, and nurse throws it up and sings:

My ball goes *up* so sweetly,
And *down* it comes so fleetly,

In the air, oh, hurrah!
In the air, oh, hurrah!

Or if other children are present, two balls pass each other in the air: "Now comes the ball to you, and it comes to me; to you, to me; to you, to me. Now comes the ball to me." With older children, the balls can be used also for color-lessons.

Some of the same rhymes that were used with the soft ball may be used with the wooden one also. Froebel suggests, too, that at this period a larger ball may be suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, in such a way that the little learner may set it in motion, or raise himself by it, and thus gradually learns to stand. He thinks that this mode of learning how to stand calls into more active exercise all the child's muscles, and is superior to the more ordinary way of letting the child draw himself up by chairs and other standing objects. He is less exposed to injury from falls, on account of the greater efforts he is obliged to make to maintain his centre of gravity within proper limits. He also suggests that as an exercise to strengthen the muscles of the body, especially the hips and thighs, to let the child grasp a ball to which a stout string is attached, and let the father or the nurse raise and lower the string, with the child clinging to it, touching the feet to the ground each time it is lowered, and gradually lifting him higher and higher. No better lifting cure could be devised for grown-up people, from which twofold practical results of great excellence would be the consequence.

Educational Rules.

21. Little quarrels among children can quickly be brought to an end, by gathering them around you and

telling them a story. Still better if the story shows the ridiculous side of the previous quarrel. Illustrate, by the story of two rats fighting over a piece of cheese, while the wee mouse ate it.

22. Avoid as much as possible praising a child's natural talents in his presence. His good actions may be encouraged by judicious praise.

23. Do not allow any teasing. What may seem a trifle to you is not so to the child.

24. Strengthen a child's will by giving him opportunity to decide or choose for himself. Some people are forever making up their minds. But whichever way they may make it, they wish they had made it the other, so they unmake it directly, and by this time the crisis of the first hour which they lost has been complicated with that of the second hour, for which they are in no wise ready. Opportunities, great golden doors which never stay open for any man, have always just closed when they reach the threshold of a deed; and it is hard, very hard, to see why it would not have been better for them if they had never been born. After all, it is not right to be impatient with them, for, in nine cases out of ten, they are no more responsible for their mental limp than the poor Chinese woman is for her feeble feet. From their infancy up to the time we call maturity they have been bandaged. How should their muscles be good for anything? From the day when we give and arrange the baby's plaything for him, to the day when we take it upon ourselves to select a profession for him, and persist in doing the work which he should do for himself, he must continue in a feeble and helpless condition of mind and heart. Whenever a child decides for himself deliberately and without bias from others, any question, however small, he has had many minutes of men-

tal gymnastics; just so much strengthening of the one faculty upon whose health and firmness his success in life will depend more than upon any other thing. So many people do not know the difference between obstinacy and clear-headed firmness of will, that it is hardly safe to say much in praise or blame of either, without expressly stating that you do not mean the other. It has not yet ceased to be said among parents, that it is necessary to break the will of children, and it has not yet ceased to be seen in the land, that men, by virtue of simple obstinacy, are called men of strong character.

The truth is, that the stronger, better trained the will of man is, the less obstinate he will be. Will is of reason, obstinacy of temper. What have they in common? It is the one attribute of all we possess, the most God-like. By it we say to our temptation, "So far and no further." It is not enough that we do not break this grand power; it should be strengthened, developed, and trained. With very little children we need to give but little points to be decided. "Will you have an orange or an apple? You cannot have both; choose, but after you have chosen you cannot change." Every day, many times a day, a child should decide for himself points of involving pros and cons — substantial ones, too. Let him even decide unwisely and take the consequences; that, too, is good for him. No amount of Blackstone can give such an idea of law as one month in prison. Tell him as much as you please of what you know on both sides, but compel him to decide, and not to be too long about it. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," is a text good for every morning. If men and women had had such training in their childhood, we should not see so many putting their hands to

the plow and looking back, not fit for the kingdom of heaven.*

Hygiene.

21. Be careful to wash the child's face, and especially his eyes, first of all, for fear of any impurity from the rest of the body getting into the eyes. Better have a separate sponge or separate water. The first thing you notice in visiting an orphan asylum or children's home is the red eyes of the poor children. This rule is not observed with them.

22. Do not use pork in your family if you want to keep children from cutaneous diseases.

23. Be careful in the use of saleratus; do not have fresh bread too frequently. The saliva used in eating is a very important aid in digesting food.

24. Do not allow children tea or coffee until they are eighteen years old. Avoid condiments and pickles on your table; they accustom the stomach to artificial stimulants.

LECTURE No. VII.

It has been shown, thus far, how Froebel, in his nursery plays, combines instruction and amusement, and if the education is carried on in accordance with or upon Froebel's principles, discipline can be entirely dispensed with.

Government, as generally understood in the educator, is the position he occupies towards the pupil when he says, "You must do this, or not do that." Good government, so called, demands unconditional obedience, and en-

* H. H., in "Bits of Talk," published by Roberts Bros.

forces it by means of a code of punishments or penalties. As such, it does not lead to freedom. There is, however, a degree of government necessary in education, especially during the first few years of life. The main object of government is to guard the child against danger which will grow from his desires. Every thing a child sees creates a want; and, as the number and variety of the objects he sees increase, so will his wants become more numerous, and his desire will grow in proportion to the manner in which these things meet his observation, or are presented to him. By gratifying a wish, it grows to be a conscious necessity or want; this finally becomes a habit, which under certain circumstances may degenerate into a passion, unless the various wishes are so continually gratified that the will becomes surfeited and blunted.

The worst enemies of the moral, legitimate will or desire are undoubtedly passion and surfeit of anything, and the task of discipline must be to prevent their appearance, or to counteract them when they exist. There are two directions that the work of the educator must take, the one positive, the other negative, or, in other words, commanding and forbidding in denials. There is no doubt that there must be more of the forbidding than of the ordering. Some of the most important measures adopted in the forbidding, is the removal of the desired object, or of the child from the object; the command, the request on the parent's part, and the punishment in case of wrong-doing.

The first-named begins with the first year of the child's life. As simple as this may appear, it requires nevertheless much caution and judgment to do it rightly. As soon as one observes that the child's attention is directed towards an object which he cannot have under any circumstances, it should be removed in a most quiet and un-

ostentatious manner; if not, then the child's want only grows all the more strong, and his grief at the removal is increased. This can act only in an injurious manner upon his disposition. Did the child get hold of the object in an unguarded moment, one needs to withdraw it with a pacifying word, but by no means pounce upon the child with an appearance of terror or anger, and an overflow of language.

In the first case, it will not prove a difficult matter to turn the child's attention in a different direction; in the other case, the child's resistance and crying, or the frightened look on his countenance, will prove the injury done his character. It is very cruel in such cases to let the child have the desired object, and then withdraw it again. With every change, the pain of the disappointment increases with all its evil consequences. In time the child begins to move about more freely, he often leaves mamma to approach any tempting object. Mother cannot follow his every movement, so she must have her wishes and commands follow him, to warn him from danger or otherwise. The request is distinguished from the command in so far, that it acknowledges the child's individuality to a certain degree, while the command implies unconditional obedience. The wish is preferable to the command. The request implies a certain amount of reasonableness and reflection, while the command does not take this into account at all. In the one case the child is told, you had better not do so or so; in the other case, the order is simply "do so or so," both demand obedience. In the one case it is an enforced, in the other, a free obedience. In one case the child obeys orders, in the other, he obeys reason. In one case he is controlled by force, in the other by a sense of right.

Whenever it is practicable, the request should take the place of the command. When the child is lacking in reasonableness, the command must step in; and as reason and reflection can only come with years and experience, the command has to be first in use, and only with great caution one must gradually emerge to the counseling and requesting.

Occasionally one may do so in order to try the child's advance and progress, and, if ineffectual, return at once to the command.

This command needs to be short and decided, without being gruff; it needs no thinning down by explanations and excuses, or even entreaties.

The same as the unfulfilled wish had the command as a necessary consequence, in the same manner must punishment follow disobedience to the command. One needs to be careful not to give too many commands. Many things bring their natural punishments, and so long as these do not injure the child, they had best be left to make their experiences.

Again, the child cannot comprehend many of these commands, nor remember them, and he becomes hardened by too many punishments, or discouraged and anxious if at every step a well-meant command intrudes itself upon him, and his energy and activity are certain to become impaired. Let the command be positive, a command *to do* a thing, not a command *not* to do a thing; — forbidden fruits taste sweetest. Especially guard against forbidding anything that the child has not yet even thought of doing. Among the punishments that are to follow disobedience, we enumerate the reproof, the withdrawing of some pleassure, loss of liberty, and corporal punishment. The reproof is the most simple, and can be graded to be more

or less severe, but it must never degenerate into scolding and calling of names, for they impair authority and estrange the child; while they are more injurious to his sense of honor than a whipping would have been; they are the worst punishment, unless it is ridiculing or bribing. Ridiculing, scolding, or calling names is never done without anger in the educator's part, and should therefore be removed from the list of penalties. There is no doubt that whipping is the most effectual means to arouse fear, and bring about good behavior; but as fear is the lowest motive of action, it must be used only as a last resort, and on all occasions we must endeavor to awaken and strengthen the highest motives of action in the child.

None of all these dangerous means of enforcing obedience in the family ever need to be resorted to again, as soon as we can influence mothers to listen and take into their hearts Froebel's call, "Come, let us live for our children," and we can inspire them with a desire to study his system of infant-training. But not until then can we hope for a great change in the present mode of bringing up girls and giving them an education to fit them for the sacred mother-vocation. They will then no longer be sacrificed at the altar of fashion or any other idols which require that the body, soul, and spirit of the future mother be forced into a form and direction directly opposed to nature and the first principles of a high education.

It is during the first year, while the child is unable to reason, that he must acquire the habit of obedience, and the greatest wisdom in the educator should come into exercise.*

When one commands, as has been said before, it must

* Hailmann's "Kindergarten Culture."

be done quietly, but decidedly, and take care not to resort to the two favorite methods of rewards and threats, both of which presuppose the possibility of disobedience, and are therefore not decided enough, and are defective also in so far as they are simply external motives of action. The individuality of each child must be brought into consideration, as well as the physical constitution and disabilities. The most difficult of all things, during the first years of the child's life, is the task of awakening and preserving the germs of goodness in his heart. At this tender age, these germs may be led into two opposite directions, — according to the influencing circumstances, they may become virtues or vices. Thus timidity may grow to be modesty or abjectness; fear may grow to be prudence or cowardice; the natural roguishness or foolhardiness of children may develop into energy and executiveness or cruelty and rudeness. It requires as much decision, tact, and watchfulness to stem the flow of any capacity or tendency in the direction of vice, as it requires care and trouble to fan the tiny little flame of the natural disposition in the direction of virtue.

The Sphere, the Cube, and the Cylinder.

The second gift, which consists of a hard ball, a cube, and a cylinder, involves as its basis recognition of the truth, that in order to a clear knowledge, there must be comparison; or, in other words, that we only learn what a thing is by learning *what it is not.* Therefore, to complete the child's knowledge of the ball he must compare it with something else; and as his powers are too weak to discern slight differences, he needs an object which presents to it the completest possible contrast. We find this in the cube. Instead of the unity of the ball, we find

here variety; instead of the simplicity and unvarying uniformity of the ball, we have in the cube an object which changes with every modification of position and every acceleration of movement. Instead of the ready movableness of the ball, we have in the cube an object which, as it were, embodies the tendency to repose.

The cylinder forms the connecting-link between the ball and the cube. Like the ball, it is round, and without corners; and, like the cube, it has faces and edges.

The wooden sphere forms a more or less decided contrast with the soft, elastic ball of the first gift, in its hardness, in the greater smoothness of its surface, in its greater weight, and, consequently, in the greater noise which it occasions on being dropped or rolled on the floor. The last two contrasts seem to give particular pleasure to the child, since they offer him proofs of his increasing strength; and if he delights in beating the floor with the wooden ball, it is less for the love of the noise as such than as an expression and proof of his greater strength and skill. An additional contrast may be introduced, if the child receives two wooden spheres, the one black and the other white. In the kindergarten we give questions to the class as to the difference in the appearance of the three objects. They find out that the sphere presents one unbroken, uniformly-curved surface, free from edges and corners, which never changes in shape in whatever position it is shown; while the cube presents a variety of aspects, according to its position with reference to the eye. For all these contrasts the cylinder offers the connection. It presents more faces than the sphere and less than the cube. One of these faces is curved in one of its dimensions; the others are planes. Its value as a connecting-link becomes particularly evident, when we suspend the cube by a string fixed to the

middle of one of its sides; when it is rapidly revolved, it will present the shape of a cylinder. If, then, the cylinder is similarly spun around while suspended by a string fixed to one of its edges, it will present the shape of a sphere.

The mother or nurse, in her plays with the child, must be guided by the same laws and by similar considerations, as in the use of the first gift. Here, too, the child's attention must be thoroughly roused and fixed, and care taken not to weary or surfeit. Each successive play must have connection with preceding ones — must grow out of them, as it were. The voice, language and song must be the constant interpreter of whatever is done — must furnish clear signs or symbols of the impression; independent self-activity on the child's part must be more and more encouraged. Of course, the balls in the first gift must not by any means be thrown aside when the second gift is placed in the hands of the child. On the contrary, he will often delight to use one or more of them in the old plays, to invent new plays with them, or to combine them with the playthings of the second gift. The child must be taught, even at this early age, not to throw old acquaintances aside as soon as new ones with other or brighter features are presented. With the sphere we may repeat many of the plays that delighted, instructed, and exercised the child when they were made with the ball. On account of its greater weight and hardness, the sphere will express many things with more clearness; and a new charm is lent to them by the noise which the sphere makes in falling, rolling, and striking. There are two plays with the ball which bring out the character of the sphere as the representative of motion and of unchangeability in its aspects so clearly that they must be spoken of. The sphere is placed near the rim of a plate. If the

plate is then inclined slightly in opposite directions, the sphere will revolve rapidly around its own axis and along the rim. In the second of these plays the ball is suspended by a double string, and is caused to spin very rapidly on its own axis, by alternately twisting and untwisting the string in opposite directions. Both motions should be accompanied by little songs similar to these.

On the plate —

Round and round and round you run,
Baby loves to watch the fun;
It matters not how fast I race,
I always show the same round face;

With the string:

Watch and see how fast I go,
First up high, and then down low.

Even at this time the child is to be made to feel the consequences of its own actions.* If the ball falls down, the mother holds him down to pick it up with her, or lets him apparently take part. In that way he will gradually learn to distinguish cause from effect. As soon as the child can catch other things within his reach, mamma hands the ball to him shut within her hand, and says: "Does Charlie want the ball? Where is it? Find it." What an exclamation of delight when the tiny little hands at last succeed in opening mamma's hand and getting the ball!

Mother helps her child, and, opening her hand, says: "There it is." The little one, in his turn, will hide it in his hands, for mamma to open them. During this little play, the ball rolls away. Mamma uses this again for a new play, and sings:

* See Educational Rules, No. 10, 11, 14, 17.

The ball, if it could talk
Would say, I love to walk,
And baby, too, would like to go;
Come, we'll try to follow you.

And mamma lets baby take the first steps after the ball, holding him carefully under both his little arms.

When the cube is presented, a little dialogue may ensue:

Here, Mr. Cube, roll away, roll away!
With my baby you shall play.

"What is the matter? why don't you roll? Oh, I see! you have some sharp edges, they will not let you roll." Baby feels of them. (Child, eighteen months to two years.) He tries to push it —

See, the cube must like to stand,
It does not mind your little hand.

Now they push a little harder:

Ever on this spot you lie,
We shall move you bye and bye.

All Froebel's play-materials can be used in a great variety of ways, and when certain laws are obeyed in the use of them, far from lessening freedom of action, the sphere or range of play and amusement is enlarged. The child, therefore, does not tire very readily, even if these experiments and experiences are many times repeated. Lay the cube on baby's hand and say:

The cube lies in your hand so still,
You may press it, if you will.

Or, holding the cube downwards with the baby's hand:

To the ground you cannot go,
While we hold you tightly so.

But, alas, it does fall, and mamma, using every incident for a new play and new instruction, sings:

Baby's hand is yet too small,
So the cube must have a fall.

These plays can be extended to the infinite, but always leave the child free and never force it to this or that play. An attentive mother understands the meaning of the child's utterance, and will try to respond to his wishes in the most satisfying manner, ever watchful to lead him on in an instructive and ennobling manner.

All close observers will have noticed that every child loves and attempts to grasp more than he is able to. The child will try to hold the two toys, and mamma sings:

The cube you cannot hold at all,
When in your hand you hold the ball.

Or:

Where the cube is, you see,
The ball cannot be.

Or:

Some room we must make,
If the cube we will take.

Or when he loses both by not wanting to let go of either:

If, holding some, you still want more,
You must lose what you had before.

Or:

When nothing holds the cube or ball,
To the floor they both must fall.

But we return to our cube, placing it firmly upon the table. Then mamma tries to stand it on one edge, parallel to the table-edge:

Steady, steady, little man,
Stand alone now, if you can;
It does not know which way to go,
And totters feebly to and fro.

Now it may be made to stand, by resting it against the box or the wall:

With my back against the wall,
I am safe and shall not fall.

Every time it falls the child is so pleased that he will push away the support to make it tumble down again, for he loves life and motion in everything. Or he will bang the table with it, and mamma, getting enough of it, and to separate the child cheerfully from his toys, sings:

Bang, bang, what a noise!
You cannot hear your mamma's voice.
Baby loves that kind of fun,—
Not so hard, my little one.
Spoiled will our table be;
Give the cube now back to me;
Put it in its little nest,
For the cube now wants to rest.

This little song is also calculated to call the child's attention to the two different sounds, the banging and the voice. Playful energy and self-reliance, content, joy, as well as observation and perseverance, are the legitimate results of these occupations; and although all the good results of this system will not be observable till in later years, this fruit will not be forthcoming where this system has not been used.

Educational Rules.

25. Do not induce a child to be self-denying against his inclination, but only from free choice. Otherwise, he will experience a personal loss, and the value of the lesson in benevolence that you wished to inculcate is lost in the sense of deprivation and bereavement which will last for many years. Even when you wish to give away the child's out-grown garments, ask his permission. It costs you nothing, and it gives the pleasure of ownership and generosity to the child.

26. Always take your child on errands of kindness, and let him be the messenger who carries forgiveness to the other children. Do not let children be the messengers of threats for punishment to brothers, sisters, or servants.

27. Do not reply in a hurry, what is untrue. If you cannot answer at the time, fix a time when you will give a definite reply. (See Lecture 8).

28. If a child seems to get discouraged, sympathize with him; admit that what he is engaged upon is troublesome, but at the same time hold up, as it were, in conversation, some examples where children are worse off, or have to bear things more trying. (See "Bits of Talk," by Helen Jackson.)

Hygiene.

25. Do not allow errands to be done early in the morning upon an empty stomach.

26. If you have a water-closet in your house, be sure to keep the window open in it all the year round.

27. Remove flowers from your room before retiring for the night, unless you keep your window open.

28. Instead of boiling the milk, when it is to have a constipating effect, use boiled flour, prepared like starch, with a little cream and sugar added to it. The flour is tied in a bag, boiled three hours, then cut the wet outside off; the inside is hard, but will crush up readily if it is done while hot. It is then sifted and put into glass jars, ready for use. It is prepared like starch; one heaping dessert-spoonful makes enough for one meal for a very young child.

LECTURE No. VIII.

[Given by Mrs. CAROLINE B. WINSLOW, Editor of "The Alpha," Washington, D. C., to Mrs. Pollock's Mothers' Class.]

THE essentials of a nursery are pure air, sunshine, and neatness. To secure these the room must be of medium size, with east and south windows, so constructed that air can be easily and frequently changed, without chilling the occupants.

Ruskin says, "All education to beauty is, first, in the beauty of gentle human faces around a child. Secondly, in the fields — fields meaning grass, water, birds, beasts, flowers, and sky; without these *no man can be educated humanely.* He may be a calculating machine, a walking dictionary, a painter of dead bodies, a twanger and a scratcher of keys or catgut, a discoverer of new forms of worms in mud, but a properly so-called human being never.

"Pictures are not needed if the child has other things right around him and given him —his garden, his cat, and his window to the sky and stars; in time pictures and flowers, and animals and things, in heavens and heavenly earth may be useful to it, but see first that his realities are heavenly."

Cleanliness, plainness, and naturalness, in surroundings, in dress, in diet, and in bed, requiring little labor to keep, and little anxiety to preserve intact, and no unnecessary threatening of the freedom of the child to preserve his surroundings from being marred by hard and constant using, which is a great saving of friction to both child and nurse.

The diet of the child should be regulated with the

greatest care. Of course the first nine months of its life it should be fed only from its mother's milk, — from nature's fountain, —which should be given, as much as possible, at regular intervals, generally letting the infant take all it will at one time. Happy the babe that is so nourished. But, alas! there are many unfortunate ones ushered into this bleak world for whom no such happy provisions are made. Your physician will advise you what to feed them upon, but do not fall into the error of thinking that every time the child cries he is hungry. More children have lost all the joys and comforts of childhood from too frequent feeding, and many have lost their lives by this process. Many others that have survived have suffered through their whole lives from imperfect powers of digestion, and consequently imperfect nutrition.

Teach children to be cleanly in their habits, and begin this lesson at once. "A dirty child is a mother's disgrace." Cleanliness is very nearly a godly attribute, and good habits in this respect add much to a child's comfort, and promote self-respect and gentle manners, with dignity of character in later years.

The moral influence of the nursery should be regulated with the most scrupulous exactitude. The mother and the nurse should be watchful, gentle, patient, truthful, well poised, never yielding to fear or anger, but always *firm and steadfast.*

This phase of education should begin very early in the new life, even while nestling under the mother's heart, and while dependant upon the mother's brain and blood for nourishment and growth. So powerful is the influence of the character and conduct of older persons on that plastic stage of life, that mothers should study to be calm and conscientious even in their thoughts, as well as actions.

Above all things protect a child from the influence of *fear*. Fear of a real, tangible object, or of one conjured by the imagination, is always injurious to any one, but especially so to children. Frights have so shocked the tender brain and sensitive nerves of children as to seriously injure their health and peace of mind in after life. Modern metaphysicians regard fear as the most depressing, and therefore the most injurious emotion which the soul is capable of experiencing.

Love and joy are the highest and most inspiring and healthful of all the emotions. Therefore, never let a mother, a nurse, or a friend excite terror in a little heart by telling them fearful or weird stories, or bringing before their vision startling or dreadful objects, or surprising them by suddenly and unexpectedly jumping at them for the amusement of seeing them start and scream with terror.

We know of a sensitive but intelligent child, eight years old, who, possessed of rather more than ordinary courage, obediently went into her dark room to go to bed; this room was next to her mother's, who sat there sewing. A brother, thinking it rare sport, hid under the bed, and when the child climbed upon the bed she felt something touch her bare foot; remembering her good mother's instruction, to always discover the object and find out what had given alarm, she instantly got down on the floor and felt as far under the bed as she could reach, but finding nothing she supposed herself mistaken. Again climbing into the bed, her foot was grasped by a hand and held to the floor. The screams and fright were terrific; sweats, shivers, and trembling followed each other for some time; the effect of which was never wholly recovered from. That child is now a woman past middle life, but to this

day she feels the effect of that shock to the nerve-centers, and requires constant bracing and watchfulness to keep her mind serene and her soul in equipoise. I do not doubt but many nervous diseases that afflict humanity had their origin in shocks and fears of childhood.

As the child grows into a more independent life, of course its treatment must vary with its years. In matters of government of children let the laws and regulations be few and simple, but let these be fully understood and firmly enforced.

Obedience in childhood promotes health, insures orderly habits, and increases the happiness of the child by making it love with greater confidence and reverence its parents and guardians.

There are various ways of inculcating truthfulness in a child. Lying is a device of the timid, the fearful, the weak. In a negative way, everything that can make a child *afraid* to speak the truth should be taken out of his way. Then in a positive way he should be surrounded with an atmosphere of truthfulness. Persistent and habitual lying in a child is the parent's fault, for the child is ever the mirror of the parent. There is no getting away from that fact. How many parents there are who by their own half-truthfulness to their children, teach them lying, falseness, duplicity, prevarication! Children have just as much right to the truth as grown people have, and when they ask a question, if they are answered at all, they should be answered *according to the facts*. Of course there are many things that cannot be explained to children, and concerning these they may be frankly told, that they shall know when they are older. That mother who can truthfully say, "I never told one of my children a lie or any approach to it in their lives," will have no cause of

complaint as to their truthfulness when they come to years of discretion, and often long before that.

But when a child does lie, what shall be done to correct it? The remedy is in every mother's hands. Take the child into the privacy of the closet; place his dereliction plainly before him; then take the Bible and read from it such passages as these: "A false witness shall not go unpunished, and he that speaketh lies shall perish" (Proverbs, xix. 9); "These six things doth the Lord hate; yea, seven are an abomination to him: a proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood" (Rev. xxi. 8); "And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Rev. xxi. 27).

With a concordance innumerable other passages bearing on this subject may be found. After this exercise let whatever punishment follows be administered by the parent as an officer of the law, and under the sanction of Divine authority. This is indeed the only sanction for any punishment. It is a very solemn thing to train a child aright, to build up such bulwarks around him as shall compel him to choose the right path. The course prescribed we have tried on black and white children, on waifs picked up from the street, and in our own family, and followed up it never has failed of success; but it must be followed up in little lies as well as big ones, for a little lie is just as *wicked* as a big one.

In all your intercourse with children, be candid, truthful, and sincere. These little ones are endowed with a wonderful gift of *intuition*. An English writer calls it "thought reading." Children are very observing, and they penetrate disguises with great facility. If you wish

your child to be loving, gentle, truthful, and open, you must be all these yourself, because they will model their thought and action after those they love and reverence. Confidence is the diviner part of us. It is the child-nature, that which is the "kingdom of heaven." Woe to him who has little or no confidence in mankind. Hope is based in confidence, belief, and becomes an anchor to the soul, and should have its foundation inlaid in the developing season of child-life. Faith and hope are fundamental elements of the human soul. Upon their development depend the health, happiness, virtue, and usefulness of every human being. Hope is based on belief. We rest in our hopes. Cheerfulness and smiles are the hopes of childhood. How important, then, is the early encouragement and nurture of these soul-elements.

Diet has a marked effect upon the temper, obedience, and happiness of children as great as upon health. Growing children do not need meats, pastry, cake, preserves, or condiments; indeed they are positively injurious and should not be given to them, nor to children of older youth for that matter. The graces of the spirit in the formation of children's character depend largely upon the food they eat, and the manner in which it is prepared. Children fed upon animal food are apt to be irritable and quarrelsome. The effect of this diet upon temper was well illustrated by the bear that was kept in a museum at Gieson, Germany. When fed on bread he was quiet and tractable; even children could play with him with impunity. But a few weeks' feeding on flesh would make him ferocious and dangerous. The same effect is produced in children. It is unfortunate, when children are under kindergarten instruction, that mothers should not intelligently co-operate with teachers and help their children

to be tractable and happy by judicious and nutritious food.

Children, after they are weaned, should eat grains and fruit, with gems made of all-wheat flour, with oatmeal, cornmeal, cornstarch, and rice for variety, fruit sauce, fruit puddings, and simple vegetables. These dishes, always prepared with care, make the table tasteful and attractive, with flowers and fresh fruit, in pretty dishes belonging to the children. The breakfast might admit of soft-boiled eggs occasionally, or baked potatoes for change. Little ones thus cared for will not be nervous, fretful, or disobedient. They will sleep well, and thus promote sleep in mothers and nurses, giving them rest and strength, which has much to do with eking out patience and forbearance with the family.

A child-nurse should understand and be able to interpret the signs of approaching illness. These are indicated by its movements, the positions it assumes when at rest, and by its cries and moans. To understand these signs, expressing want and pains, should be one of the studies of a nurse, so that the natural signs of hunger, fatigue, and physical discomforts may be distinguished from pain. When a babe is restless and nervous it indicates that its clothing is not comfortable. Removing its clothes will generally reveal that it comes from mechanical irritation, like a binding too tight or a hard fold in the garment pressing the tender flesh, or a pin that has escaped from its attendant's clothing. Cries, accompanied by restlessness, idicate unpleasant sensations; short wheezing, sobbing, or suffocating cries, a want of proper action of the lungs; a low, moaning cry shows pain and soreness of the lungs, and often of the muscles, as from sudden cold; crying when coughing, a pain in the chest; loud crying, with

drawing up of the knees to press the abdomen, is a sign of colic; crying accompanied with crowding the fingers into the mouth and chewing them shows pain in the teeth and gums. When at night a child cries out in his sleep, with flushed cheeks and red lips, and on waking seems bewildered, and takes a little time to recognize his attendants and surroundings, it indicates mucous accumulation in stomach and intestines, which, if suffered to remain, will generate worms. Sharp, piercing screams and rolling the head from side to side, with dull, leaden eyes, or eyes unusually bright, point to head affections, usually congestion of the brain. All these signs and more should be understood by mother and nurse, and carefully described to the physician. The life of many a precious child might be saved if the physician could receive a clear description of his cries and physical signs. A nurse cannot be too observing of little changes, or too minute in her observations of symptoms; and always take care to be exact, and describe without exaggeration or concealment.

The subject has been merely touched upon, but sufficient has been said to show the importance of a large amount of careful training necessary to a competent nurse. When this has been acquired you will have before you a broad and permanent field of usefulness that will give an honorble place in the family, and a successful fulfilment of your duties will insure lasting gratitude and love from coming generations.

Educational Rules.

29. It is better that your child should seek and enjoy the companionship of virtuous children, poorer than your own, or at least not too much above yours in circumstances. If they do happen to be intimate with the rich,

you will find them apt to be discontented at home, and disdainful towards their other playmates.

30. Do not expect politeness and good manners from a child, unless you use them towards him. How often do we hear "Shut the door," "Get off my dress," etc., from thoughtless parents, while they blame the child for not saying "Thank you," and "If you please."

31. A child should not be allowed to express a dislike for anything which cannot be helped. The race of grumblers would soon die out if all children were so trained, that never between the ages of five to twelve did they utter a complaint without being gently reminded that it was foolish and disagreeable in them to do so.

32. When a child has been scratching or striking an older one, I have, on hearing the complaint, taken the older one, and, holding the little one on my lap, inquired gently into the case, doing the same with the little one in an inquiring manner, to find out if that was the way the trouble occurred. I then asked the older one to do the same to the little one. I never saw it done. The tears of the older would always change to smiles, and he would look at the little offender, shake his head, and turn away. The little one felt he deserved punishment, but, owing to the generosity of the older one he escaped it. Thus the bond of affection was strengthened.

Hygiene.

29. If the house is so constructed that you cannot conveniently have your head to the north while sleeping, the next best way is to sleep with your feet to the west. The electrical currents come from the east, and it is best they should reach you from head to foot, rather than *vice-versa*.

30. Do not allow your child to study in the evening. It is bad for his sleep and for his eyes.

31. If any one has wet feet, and is not situated where he can change shoes and stockings, keep moving. It will prevent taking cold.

32. Open fire-places are the best heaters for health. It is far healthier to sleep in cold rooms than in heated ones.

LECTURE No. IX.

As we have already seen, Froebel not only wanted to develop the child's intellect, giving him play-materials to work with, but he studied out the best means to enoble the heart and strengthen the body, so as to increase its health, grace, and agility. Froebel considers that next to the affections, within the home circle, the most powerful influence is exerted upon the child, by making it susceptible to the beauties of nature, and giving it an affectionate, intimate intercourse with nature. This can best be done, not only by walks and observations, but, best of all, if he can occupy himself with the cultivation of the soil; for only what a child handles and plays with can attract and chain his attention for any length of time.

Thus digging and playing in sand may seem of no other use than amusement; however, it forms the starting-point of drawing the child's observation to the products of the soil, and awakening in him the desire to cultivate it by planting and sowing. If no notice is taken of this instinct, this delight, it will grow weaker only too soon, and, like all power that lies unused, it will only add to the weight of indolence, which is the plague of large and small. This is the negative damage done; positive

harm consists therein, that the observation of nature's processes —this first great intelligent teacher of humanity — is being lost for the child's life, and with it an inexhaustible treasure of joy and occupation. Objects in nature will only be superficially taken notice of, and will leave no lasting impressions. No matter if the child does gather fruit, or pick flowers or leaves, this alone will not lead to the serious, ennobling reflections which, on the other hand, he should make his own.

How very different when the child has a little piece of ground for his own, to transform into a garden, where he can dig, hoe, weed, and water it with care, and watch it with the greatest longing for the bursting of the buds; how great the delight with which he will cull his own flower to bring to his loved parents!

If he learns to observe and eagerly watch the manifestations and changes of every season, —the sprouting of the tender germs, the little birds in their nests, the bees in their hives, the caterpillars and bugs, the ripening fruits, and the nodding ears of grain, yes, the whole household of kind Dame Nature—mother earth, he will reap more benefit than any amount of schooling or books or anything else under the sun can give him. But in order that his whole soul may engage in the study of the wonders of creation, he must work and occupy himself with it in earnest. The child's heart must not only be made receptive to beauty, but by taking care of plants and animals, his tender affections for these first objects entrusted to his care, the first important steps are taken to awaken a true, unselfish love in his heart. There are few educational means at command for those tender years of the child's life which will give him duties to fulfil; for we may not mention those forced duties which run against the child's inclination,

and are intended to awaken and strengthen his moral nature.

The trial, we might call it, of duties to be fulfilled, which even children of tender age must in a measure become acquainted with, is made easier if agreeable, attractive duties have been preparing the child for those which are not agreeable. For while it was a pleasure for him to fulfil some duties (quite arduous, considering his age), his power of will was thereby being strengthened by exercise, and better prepared to fulfil duties not quite so pleasant.

A sure way to make children indolent and unwilling to do tasks or duties, is to require too much from them, without the due preparation. That is the reason why Froebel considered the garden of such importance for the child, and named his schools kindergartens not merely symbolically. The garden is open nature (though fenced in) for the child, where impressions of beauty and usefulness and goodness will be made upon his heart, and his moral nature strengthened, while at the same time his heart will be opened to the first religious sentiments, founded on the admiration of the Creator. If the young soul is not capable of receiving impressions of God the Creator, by means of His wonderful manifestations in nature, it will be a far more difficult matter for him to do so at a later period. Only what a child sees has any existence for him, only the visible world can give him ideas of the invisible, and only in the visible Creator can he recognize the invisible Spirit.

Then again the practical value of teaching children early to cultivate the soil should not be undervalued.

It is impossible to enumerate all the advantages to be gained from the child's intimate intercourse with nature;

how its invigorating and refreshing work and watching act as safeguards against and counterbalance our artificial and conventional modes of life. All we need to do is to visit the kindergarten and observe children while taking care of their little gardens, or when enjoying any other pleasure which nature affords them, and which ought to lead —be it in the garden or the walk — to the most manifold instructions and conversations. Then it would become evident to the most sceptical mind, where this seemingly small and insignificant attraction to nature may lead. It will then be easy to understand that this first introduction to nature, and the judicious use we make of the material world, will form the only sure and solid foundation to all later education.

Notice the early manifested desire of the child to touch everything. How tightly the infant clasps his mother's fingers and is loth to let go of them! Thus begins his first acquaintance with matter, the first exercise of the hand, the use of which is to serve him hereafter. The hand is the noblest member of the human being: to it has has been given the sceptre.

The strong natural instinct in children to use their hand serves to give them knowledge before any of the other senses are enough developed to assist this sense of feeling.

Second Story of the Five Little Travelers, and what they saw on their Journey.*

Mamma was sitting out of doors. The children were tired of playing, and the supper bell had not yet rung. Baby Amia was sitting in her lap; mamma's work-table was by her side.

* Story No. 1 is in "Nat. Kindergarten Songs and Plays," page 72.

"Please, mamma, tell us another of those nice stories, or sing to us one of those little songs, where the fingers talk!" Alice said, coaxingly.

"About the little travelers," lisped dear little José.

Mamma began to drum on the table. "Who is that," she said, —

"Down by the fence I see,
Tying his grey horse to a tree,
A short little man,
With a blue coat on.
Ah! here he is, coming so fine:
How do you do, Little Thumbling mine?
Pray tell little Amia, where have you been?
And tell little José, what have you seen?"

"Oh, yes, I will," Little Thumbling said, bowing all the time. "I saw a mamma, and her little girl was playing in the sand. Every few minutes she would toddle up to mamma, throw a little stone in her lap and say, 'Here is a present for you, mamma.'

"It was a pretty sight, but I have to hurry off. Good bye! good bye!"

"But who is this coming now,
Making such a pretty bow?"

"Tall Forefinger is my name," he said. "I saw the sweetest little girl sitting in her mamma's lap. She was tired of playing in the sand. Mamma was singing to her 'Rock-a-bye, baby, on the tree-top,' etc. [sing it through]. Baby's eyes kept shutting, but she would open them occasionally, and had not gone to sleep when I had to go away."

"Look, children dear!
Who's coming here?
Tall Middle Finger, how do you do?
We want to hear something from you;

We're glad your pleasant face to greet,
What did you see that was lovely and sweet?"

"I'll tell you what I saw: sweet baby Amia had gone to sleep; mamma was going on tip-toe to put her into her snow-white bed; but I was in such a hurry, I had to hasten away."

"Here comes a little fellow,
With something bright and yellow
Slipped tightly o'er his skin.
Oh, now he's coming in,
His story to begin!"

"Good evening, dear lady," he said [the ring finger has to keep bowing as best it can].

"I saw a dear little baby asleep, and mamma was kneeling by the bed, and I heard her ask God to bless her dear child, and to send his angels to keep her from all evil. Good-bye, little children, my brother is jumping off from his white horse; he will tell you some more."

Mamma is drumming with her fingers, and says:

"Who is that little dear,
Coming now quite near?
He is taking off his hat to you;
He's coming in,—how do you do?"

"Well, I will tell you what I saw: a dear baby in bed; her cheeks were very rosy, and when I stopped to look at her she smiled. She was dreaming that angels were playing with her, throwing golden balls to her, and singing:

'Now comes the ball to you,
And now it comes to me,—
To you, to me, to you, to me,—
Now comes the ball to you.'"

Just then the supper-bell rang, and they all went in to supper.

These same Little Travelers may be made to see various

things at other times. Sometimes the thumb sees the child plant the seed. Each of the other fingers sees the progress towards the growth of the plant.

The Fifth sees the child present the flower or berry to a dear friend.

Educational Rules.

33. Even if in circumstances that will permit you to dress your child richly, dress it rather plain, especially at school, so that there will be no unhappy feelings caused to poorer children. If they are to receive company, it is the best sign of a good education, if your child, as host, is dressed not so richly as her company.

34. Conform to the fashion with children so far as it will be conducive to their health and comfort, and be in good taste. For children will feel keenly if they look odd when they go to school.

35. Let children have departments assigned them to fulfil in the machinery of the household, and exchange them for others in alternate weeks or months, if agreeable to the interested parties.

36. Encourage children to carry flowers to the teacher, and to observe the birthday of each member of the family.

Hygiene.

33. As soon as fruit is ripe, procure it for your children; it is better than pies or cake. Ten dollars spent for strawberries may save much suffering and doctors' bills within a year.

34. Do no let children play out after the sun has set.

35 Sore eyes must be washed many times a day; the same with other sores.

36. Be careful of draughts. When a child is being washed, doors and windows must be kept closed.

LIST OF REFERENCE BOOKS

FOR THE

SCHOOL AND HOME LIBRARY.

Land and Water Friends.
Treasury of Useful Knowledge, by Doerner.
Hooker's Child's Book of Nature.
The Kindergarten and the School.
Herbert Spencer on Education.
From the Cradle to the School, by Bertha Meyer.
Educational Reformers, by R. H. Quick.
Familiar Animals and their Wild Kindred.
Early Training of Children, by Mrs. Frank Malleson.
The Child, by Kriege.
The Education of Man, Froebel.
Barnard's Child-Culture.
Kindergarten Culture, by Wm. H. Hailmann.
School Devices, by Shaw and Donnell.
Early Education, by James Currie.
Reminiscences of Froebel, by the Baroness Marenholz von Bülow.
How shall my Child be Taught, by Louisa P. Hopkins.
Bits of Talk for Young Folks, } by H. H.
Bits of Talk about Home Matters, }
Lessons on Manners, for School and Home Use. By Edith E. Wiggin.
The Use of Stories in the Kindergarten, by Miss Anna Buckland.
Lectures in the Training Schools for Kindergartners, by Elizabeth P. Peabody.

Baby Land.
Practical Work in the School-Room.
Improvement of the Senses, by Horace Grant.
Development Lessons, by E. V. De Graff and M. K. Smith.
Life of Froebel.
Record of Mr. Alcott's School, exemplifying the Principles and Methods of Moral Culture.

KINDERGARTEN GUIDES.

Paradise of Childhood.
Mrs. Kraus' Baelt's Guide to the Kindergarten.
Mary Mann and Elizabeth Peabody's Guide.
E. Range's English Kindergarten Guide.
Mrs. Louise Pollock's National Kindergarten Manual.

KINDERGARTEN SONG-BOOKS.

Kindergarten Chimes, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
The Paradise of Childhood, by Edward Wiebé.
A Book of Rhymes and Tunes, by Margaret P. Osgood. Translations by Louisa T. Craigin.
Songs and Games for Little Ones, prepared by Gertrude Walker and Harriet S. Jenks.
Songs for Little Children, by Eleanor Smith.
Cosetting Songs, by Froebel.
Songs, Games and Rhymes, by Endora Lucas Hailmann.
Mrs. Louise Pollock's National Kindergarten Songs and Plays.
" " " Cheerful Echoes (an entirely new Collection.

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